

# THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

PRICE { FIVE CENTS.  
OR SIX CENTS, U. S. Cy.



"YOU LIE, MARQUIS!" CRIED RAOUL.

## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

### A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE INTERDICTED HOUSE.

It was six o'clock in the evening when the two cavaliers rode out of Saint Pardoux. For a long time they rode in silence, broken at length by Captain Roland.

"Chevalier," he said, "will it be agreeable to you to talk for a few minutes on the subject of politics? It is indispensable, if our friendly engagement is to hold, that I would ascertain your opinions. Are you for the king, or for Messieurs de Guise? For my own part I make no attempt to conceal it from you—and heaven send that your way of looking at the matter may be the same as my own—I am for both!"

"Captain," replied Raoul, "I arrived in France

but a few days back, and have, therefore, a very imperfect knowledge of the affairs of the kingdom; but, nevertheless, I do not hesitate to declare to you that if I were called upon to take one side or the other, I should humbly offer my sword to the king."

"Mistake, dear comrade—mistake! The king's resources are used up; he has no means of recompensing his faithful servants."

"In offering him my sword, I should consult no personal interest, but should act simply in obedience to the voice of my conscience and honor. The king, whatever may be his defects as a man, remains none the less the elect and representative of heaven upon earth, and as such everyone owes him obedience and respect."

Captain Roland smiled.

"Ah, dear chevalier," he cried, "you look on politics from the worst point of view—the sentimental side. You have yet a great deal to learn."

At this moment the conversation of the two friends was suddenly interrupted by the blast of a trumpet.

By a simultaneous action, both laid their hands upon their weapons of defence.

"The devil strangle me if we are not already sighted by those infernal apostles. If I could only cut the throat of that burly musician, who is calling down upon us those gentlemen's pistols and daggers, it would be some satisfaction; but I can see nobody. Can you see anybody?"

"No, I can see no one," replied Raoul, after he had raised himself in his stirrups, and looked on every side of him. "Let us push on."

The road they were traversing was a kind of path worn upon a stony soil; here and there on either hand, grew a few pear and wild cherry trees, then in blossom; but altogether the configuration of the ground was but little adapted to the purposes of an ambuscade.

After riding on for some distance further, at as rapid a rate as the heavy harness of the captain's horse permitted, they came in sight of the fortified house of which they were in search.

This house, built upon an eminence, and surrounded by a wide and deep moat, had most of the characteristics of a castle. Its extremely thick outer walls were evidently almost cannon-proof.

"Pardieu!" cried Raoul, with a joyous smile and air, "the Demoiselle d'Eranges is well protected."

Arrived before the principal gate or gate of honor, the captain seized his companion's rein, and pulled his steed up short. He had caught sight of the muzzle of an arquebus projected from above the supports of the drawbridge.

A moment later, and a rough voice was heard demanding: "Who goes there?"

"Two travellers who request hospitality for the night," replied the captain.

"Are you Catholics or Huguenots?"

For an instant Captain Roland was embarrassed by this question.

"We are fatigued," he responded, after a short hesitation.

"Your names and qualities?" demanded the voice.

"The Chevalier Raoul Sforzi, and Captain

Roland de Maurevert. What need of all this parleying. Do you fear that I and my friend are meditating the capture of your fortified house?"

"I must consult my mistress, the Dame d'Eranges," replied the hidden speaker.

Captain Roland, with a dozen ingeniously and vigorously accentuated oaths, expressed the impatience with which these delays filled him. Before he had half completed his volley of abuse a body of horsemen appeared in the distance.

"Here come these devil's whelps!" he cried.

"Will they never let down this infernal drawbridge? Don't for a moment suppose that I speak from the point of view of honor—nothing of the sort. It is not only that the condition of these scoundrels is inferior to mine, but because they are certain not to have a crown in their pockets, that I desire to have nothing to do with them! I care nothing for a fight that offers no spoils to the victor. Ah! the wars of religion for that!—gold on both sides—spoils of allies as well as of adversaries; that's worth fighting for. There they come over that hill: the scoundrels advance in order, as if they knew something about the rules of warfare. I'm sorry to see you so lightly armed, chevalier. Manage your two pistols well, and don't be carried away by excitement. Before a quarter of an hour these ruffians will be upon us.—Hullo, here! open your infernal gates."

"Gentlemen," cried the speaker hidden by the drawbridge, "my mistress greatly regrets to be obliged to refuse you hospitality; but the



night is not far advanced, and it is not more than an hour's ride further on to the town of Avezé.

"Confound your raven-croak about riding to Avezé! don't you see that a troop of horsemen are moving down upon us—the apostles of the Marquis de la Tremblais—your mistress's enemy as well as ours? Does she wish to enjoy the sight of our being cut to pieces before her closed gates?"

Raoul who, up to this point had remained silent, but whose features had exhibited a momentarily increasing excitement, in sight of the approaching band of murderers, now spoke.

"Pardieu! Is it for two gentlemen to wait till it pleases a troop of salaried cut-throats like these to attack them? Why shouldn't we fall upon the apostles? Forward, captain!"

"Tudieu!" cried Roland. "There speaks my tiger of Saint Pardoux again! Dear friend, your enthusiasm is contagious. You are right—to us belongs the honor of the initiative. Forward!"

The two friends plunged their spurs into their horses' flanks, and had reached to within five hundred paces of their antagonists, when they were arrested in the midst of their impetuous charge by the soft and penetrating accents of a woman's voice.

Turning their heads, both Raoul and Roland were surprised by an apparition as unexpected as it was charming. On the further side of the moat they beheld the form of a young girl dressed in white, whose beauty, as far as they could distinguish it in the gathering twilight, appeared to be of ideal perfection.

"Gentlemen," she cried, "if it is really true that you are being pursued, you have a right to the shelter of my mother's house; if, on the contrary, you design to betray our hospitality, heaven will punish you."

While she was yet speaking the drawbridge was lowered, and the captain lost not an instant in taking advantage of the protection thus offered to him. After casting behind him a last look of defiance at the pursuing troop of assassins, Raoul followed his friend's example.

From the moment of the appearance of Diane d'Erlanges the expression of fury which had animated Raoul's features vanished as if by enchantment.

"What a lovely girl, captain!" he cried, in a whisper to Roland, as they rode side by side under the dark and narrow vault of the gate on the inner side of the drawbridge.

"The house looks opulent," replied the captain, "and the devil's in it if, with a little management, we can't make some honest profit here. By all the joys of Paradise," he murmured to himself a few minutes later, when he and Raoul were conducted into the presence of the lady of the house, "the aspect of the interior more than confirms my anticipations! Excellent Dame d'Erlanges, I feel thoroughly disposed to devote myself to your cause."

"Gentlemen," she said gravely, and rising from her seat, "welcome to my poor house. My servants tell me that you are pursued by the Marquis de la Tremblais's people; I hope that, thanks to heaven, you are now out of danger."

"Madame," replied Raoul, bowing respectfully, "you have saved me from almost inevitable death. Permit me to lay at your feet my inviolable gratitude and the offer of my sword."

On hearing these words, pronounced not in a tone of gallantry, but with the expression of perfect sincerity, Captain Roland bit his moustache furiously, and was about to interrupt his friend, with the view of putting the tender of their services on a footing promising greater profit, but Raoul continued:

"This table ready set, and the hour of the day, leads me to believe that you were about sitting down to supper. It would distress both me and my friend to be the cause of any disarrangement; we should prefer, if you will permit us, to join your meal."

The Dame d'Erlanges made a sign of acquiescence, and motioned the captain and Raoul to seats placed right and left of her own at the table.

In a very short space of time the captain had made up for all the shortcomings of the meal furnished by Master Nicolas, and while eating lost no opportunity of endeavoring to rectify what he considered Raoul's preposterous inconsiderateness in offering his sword without promise of fee or reward, to the mistress of an evidently rich house. But his intentions were entirely baffled and set at naught by the earnestness of the chevalier.

"Madame," cried Raoul, "I feel certain that at your call the whole nobility of the province would rise in arms and hasten to your aid." For a moment he paused, and then with a slightly faltering voice, continued, "there is another and yet simpler means of overcoming these odious persecutions of the Marquis de la Tremblais. He would not refuse to measure swords with a gentleman. Why do you not, then, place in the hands of a champion of your own choosing, the honor of defending you? Numbers of your friends would compete for the honor. Myself, in spite of the small claim I have to such a favor, would venture to place myself upon the list. And indeed, madame, something tells me that I should be the victor in the struggle."

The rage of Captain Roland, repressed as it was, was terrible to see; but it made no impression on the chevalier. Supper at length finished, the Dame d'Erlanges rose, and saluting Raoul with grave courtesy, said:

"It is growing late, and doubtless you have need of rest. Do you wish to be shown to your chamber?"

Fancying that he detected in this suggestion a desire on the part of the lady to be relieved

of the presence of her guests, he bowed respectfully, and at once followed a valet who attended upon him, bearing in his hand a torch of yellow wax.

Captain Roland, who, towards the end of supper, had stretched himself on one of the high-backed forms placed against the walls of the room, had by this time fallen heavily asleep.

Preceded by the servant carrying the torch, Raoul was passing through a long and obscure passage, when he heard behind him a light rustling sound. Turning round, he saw close to him the Demoiselle d'Erlanges.

"Silence, chevalier!" she said in a whisper. "At daybreak, to-morrow, go down into the garden: I wish to speak with you."

The blush that was upon the young girl's face, the trembling of her voice, and the embarrassment of her manner, told how completely she understood the gravity of the step she was taking. Raoul was about to answer, but Diane had already disappeared in the darkness of the corridor.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A DOUBLE MISSION.

Sleep declined to visit the eyes of the Chevalier de Sforzi that night. His meeting with Captain de Maurevert, the abominable persecutions of the Marquis de la Tremblais, the danger to which the ladies of Erlanges were exposed, and, more than all, the resplendent beauty of Diane, occupied and agitated his mind, and rendered sleep impossible.

At the first gleam of dawn, he sprang from his bed and hurried to the window of his room, with the view of ascertaining the situation of the garden. To his great joy he discovered that the place of the mysterious rendezvous given him by the charming Diane, was immediately under his eyes, which rested upon a white and vaporous form that caused him a violent beating of the heart.

Five minutes later he stood, bowing respectfully before Diane, who, with downcast eyes and heaving bosom, was scarcely able to return his salutation.

"Chevalier," she said timidly, after a few moments' silence, "I do not understand my own boldness—the feeling which has prompted me now to address you. Do not interrupt me with protestations of devotion; my presence here will tell you how much I rely on your goodness—the faith I have in your courage."

Raoul again bowed, and Diane, gradually conquering her emotion, continued in a firmer tone:

"For the unusual step I have now taken," she said, "my excuse must be the horror with which my position inspires me. Neither judge nor condemn me, I pray of you, before knowing to what extremities I find myself reduced. From what passed last night, I know that you are acquainted with some of the facts of the shameful persecution to which I and my dear mother are subjected by the Marquis de la Tremblais; how terrible those persecutions have been, I will not stop to tell you, but will come to the present time. So late as yesterday, the marquis, by one of his spies, sent me a letter, in which he declares that if within forty-eight hours I do not repair to his castle, he will burn down our house here and put our servants to the sword."

"Horrible insolence!" cried Raoul. "Alas, it is more than insolence—it is a threat," replied Diane. "In your unexpected arrival, and in your generous offer of your sword, I see the hand of Providence—and I have not hesitated to address myself to you. Oh, chevalier!—by what means can you save my mother and me from the fate that threatens us?"

"By a very simple means, mademoiselle. I will challenge the marquis to single combat and kill him."

A sad smile passed over the lips of Diane. "The Marquis de la Tremblais will answer your challenge with treason," she replied. "He does not fight—he murders! He has the ferocity of the wild beast, but none of its courage! Forgive me; I now see how wrong I have been in thus addressing myself to you, when nothing but your destruction could result. Forget this interview—hasten from this place—and leave to their unhappy fate the unfortunates whom you cannot save!"

"Abandon you!" cried Raoul, with a fiery outburst of indignation. "Is it possible that you, a noble demoiselle, can counsel me to such an act of cowardice? Do you count as nothing the goodness of your cause—the support of heaven? No—no! Terror at the thought of falling into the hands of the Marquis de la Tremblais breaks down your pride and robs you of the power to reflect."

"I have no dread of falling into the hands of the marquis!" she cried, while a shudder passed through her young frame. "Death is my security from that. Chevalier,"—as if moved by an irresistible impulse—"you have a noble heart! Will you be my brother?"

Before Raoul, to whose lips an impassioned answer sprang from the depths of his heart, could pronounce a single word, a rough and mocking voice sounded in his ears:

"Pardieu! I know all about such fraternal arrangements."

Raoul's hand flew to the hilt of his sword; Captain de Maurevert stepped from behind a clump of verdure. The apparition of the giant caused Raoul a feeling of surprise and anger.

"Captain!" he said, haughtily; "it appears to me that neither I nor Mademoiselle d'Erlanges invited you to share in this conversation. To listen to confidences not intended for your hearing is not the conduct of a gentleman. Captain, I'll not detain you—"

"That's like youth!" muttered De Maurevert, "headstrong, quarrelsome, inconsiderate! Chevalier Sforzi, I am sorry I cannot obey your extremely courteous injunction. With me, business takes precedence of everything. You may have done wrong to accept me for a companion of fortune, but from the moment you bound yourself to me, you bound yourself to submit to the consequences of our association. Now, I tell you clearly, I protest against your beautiful project of killing the Marquis de la Tremblais; and you, mademoiselle, if you feel for him a hundredth part of the interest he feels for you, will join with me in preventing him from going a step nearer to the abyss he is thinking of throwing himself into with shut eyes. Trust the experience of an old soldier; if Raoul persists in this mad design of his, he has not another twenty-four hours to live. If I am not very much mistaken, mademoiselle, you would be very sorry to see him hanged on a tree by the roadside, like a mere hind?"

The color fled from Diane's cheeks, and she pressed her hand against her heart, to stay its wild throbbing. These marks of strong emotion did not escape the notice of the sagacious captain.

"You see plainly, I am sure, mademoiselle," he continued, "the certainty of his throwing his life away for nothing; so forbid his committing, so mad a folly. Don't interrupt me, Sforzi, I beg; do you not observe that what I am saying is interesting to mademoiselle?"

"Yes, yes, captain—pray go on," cried Diane. Raoul knitted his brows, and with difficulty restrained his impatience, while De Maurevert, in solemn tones, addressed him as follows:

"Chevalier Sforzi, in my person you see the *chargé d'affaires* of his Majesty, King Henry the Third of France. His Majesty has deigned to invest me with full powers to engage in his service loyal servants throughout the entire province of Auvergne. Are you free to enter into his Majesty's service—ready to swear obedience and fidelity to Henry of Valois? In that case, in the name of the king, my master, I here deliver to you, in good and proper form, a brevet, or cornet—honorary—of a troop of light horse."

With unbending gravity of tone and manner, he drew from his pocket, and handed, to the astonishment of Raoul, a parchment bearing the king's seal and signature. A moment's examination satisfied the chevalier that the document, so unexpectedly produced, was of unquestionable authenticity.

"This honorary brevet," continued De Maurevert, "gives you neither salary nor regular command. It only authorizes you, in case of an armed rising in Auvergne, to form a troop at your own expense, and to fight against Protestants or rebels, as the case may be. Once the Huguenots beaten, or the revolt put down, you will be at liberty to disband your company, and also to inform his Majesty of whatever services you may have rendered him. These privileges leave something to be desired, I admit; but what is of more immediate importance is this: the nomination, by attaching you to the king, gives to your person a character and inviolability which, up to this moment, was completely wanting to it. For example, it is all but certain that, in spite of his power and daring, the Marquis de la Tremblais would never dare to hang an officer of the king; though, in a moment of ill-temper, he might have him beheaded."

Raoul reflected for a moment, then, in a voice as grave as that in which De Maurevert had addressed him, said:

"I accept, captain. Is it to you that my oath of fidelity to the king is to be given?"

"Certainly; but for that there is no need of hurry. All that is essential for the moment is for you to fill with your name the space left blank in the parchment. By my faith, Raoul," he added with a tone of sudden regret, "I'm sorry with all my heart that that can't be put off till to-morrow."

"Why?" inquired Raoul, with a puzzled air.

"To-morrow will be Tuesday. Well, to-morrow I should have been free, and it would have been preferable—to attach you to the house of Messieurs de Guise. It's easily explained," he continued, in answer to Raoul's look of bewilderment. "On Mondays I occupy myself with his Majesty's business; on Tuesdays I devote myself to that of Messieurs de Guise; and so, on alternate days. I have already had the honor to inform you, chevalier, how completely I am the slave of my word—for a thousand quadruples of gold I would not have enrolled you among the Guise on a Monday! I have only one thing more to say, chevalier: your looks, your courage, and your manners tell me plainly enough that you are a gentleman. Nevertheless, in conformity with my instructions, I must ask you for proofs of your nobility."

Raoul started, blushed, and hesitated.

Before he had time to reply, the sound of a hunting-horn vibrated in the morning air.

"Good heavens!" cried Diane, "what new danger threatens us? It is the alarm signal of our servants. Let us hasten to the ramparts!"

The terrified young girl followed by the captain and Raoul, followed silently by the captain and Raoul. "Heaven protect us, mademoiselle!" cried the first of the servants, whom Diane interrogated. "The Marquis de la Tremblais, at the head of a troop of horsemen, is advancing towards the chateau."

## CHAPTER V.

## THE INSULT.

A few moments brought Raoul and De Maurevert to the ramparts, and enabled them to observe completely the movements of the advancing cavalcade.

"Tudieu!" cried the captain; "twenty cuirasses, ten arquebusses—a magnificent following! I almost repent me of that box on the ear I gave to Master Benoist. Bah! the marquis is too much of a gentleman to bear malice against me, because I found it necessary to knock down one of his varlets. A frank explanation will make us the best friends in the world."

While the captain was saying this to himself, the marquis, making a sign to his escort to halt, spurred forward alone to the edge of the moat.

"Halloa, varlets!" he cried, "is it in this fashion you receive your lord and master? Lower the drawbridge quickly!"

The Marquis de la Tremblais was about six or seven-and-twenty years of age; his features, moulded with extreme delicacy and of irreproachable regularity, would have been beautiful but for the haughty and sneering expression they conveyed. In height he was about five feet eight, and already his form was bent, either by excess, or by fatigue, and indicated that he possessed but little bodily strength.

He wore no defensive armour of any kind, and carried only the ordinary sword and dagger at his side. At his saddle-bow, however, were a pair of long holster pistols, richly damascened and of exquisite workmanship.

"Sdeath, varlets!—did you hear me?" he cried, with fierce impatience, seeing no sign of the drawbridge being lowered.

"Monsieur," replied the oldest of the Dame d'Erlanges' servants, "the Chateau de Taue is not large enough to hold your numerous escort." "Suspicious!" said the marquis; "but I am not surprised, seeing that it is the ordinary custom of my vassal, the Dame d'Erlanges, to calumniate and defy me! Well, as I wish to leave her without excuse for her bad faith and disobedience, I will enter alone."

The marquis turned towards his attendants, and with an imperious gesture, motioned them to retire.

"Take care that your confidence does not prove fatal to you, monsieur," cried one of the arquebusiers, moving forward from the ranks. "The Huguenots are fond of employing treachery."

In this man Raoul recognized Master Benoist, the chief of the apostles.

"Attack my person!" cried the marquis, with a smile of sovereign contempt; "they dare not."

As a refusal to allow the seigneur of La Tremblais to enter the chateau would have furnished him a kind of motive for commencing hostilities, the drawbridge was let down.

"Thousand thunders!" cried De Maurevert, in a low tone; "this man, my dear Raoul, is not so strong as I thought him. To throw himself like this into the wolf's mouth! Do not you think it would be easy for us to make something by his blunder? It is certain that he is rich enough to pay a handsome ransom."

"We may take him prisoner, you mean?—and by so doing outrage his confidence, and violate all the laws of hospitality?"

"I expected nothing less from you," replied the captain. "Why do you not take orders?—you were made for an affective preacher! Kindly inform me in what respect we should violate the laws of hospitality? This house is not ours—our word is not given to the marquis! Moreover, I hold that if he bears me ill-will for the tap on the skull I gave to his chief apostle, I should be a fool not to make use of this advantage which chance has so opportunely thrown in my way. But let us go down and see what passes below, so that we may at least be ready to act according to circumstances."

When the two companions of fortune reached the reception-room, the Dame d'Erlanges, pale, but with a firm and assured countenance, was standing before the marquis, who, seated in an arm-chair, was speaking to her in a harsh tone of voice, and with a haughty bearing.

"Madame," he cried, "I remind you for the last time that your fortified house is within my jurisdiction; that it is held directly under my seignory; and that you owe me submission and respect. I am determined to punish severely your first disobedience. Instantly direct your servants to admit and provide for the people of my escort, whom your insulting suspicion has compelled me to leave without the walls of the chateau."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied the Dame d'Erlanges, calmly, "in the name of truth and justice I repel your pretensions. I am not your vassal, and I owe obedience only to my lord and master, Henry III., King of France. Your designs are obvious, your intentions known—you are seeking a pretext to despoil me of my fortune and possessions. Marquis de la Tremblais, your conduct is unworthy of a gentleman, and brings an eternal stain upon your escutcheon."

"Madame," cried the marquis, white with rage, "this last act of rebellion and unpardonable insolence shall quickly receive due chastisement."

The Dame d'Erlanges drew herself up to her full height, and with a proud gesture pointed to the door.

"Monsieur," she said, "I will not detain you any longer."

A sinister smile came upon the thin lips of the Marquis de la Tremblais.

"Before the day has closed, madame," he replied, "I shall return. There is but one thing I regret—the death of the Comte d'Erlanges."



Your being a woman condemns me to leave unpunished on the instant the outrage you have put upon me. I would give ten thousand crowns that you should have had a husband or a son."

"You lie, marquis!" cried Raoul, pushing back Captain de Maurevert, who attempted to restrain his impetuosity. "If Madame d'Erlanges had the support of either a husband or son you would not be here—for you are a coward!"

So utterly unprepared for the sudden appearance of a defender of the Dame d'Erlanges was the marquis that for a few minutes he was completely dumfounded. Gradually he recovered from the rude moral shock, however. The pallor of his cheeks gave place to a purple hue, and his hand, clenched tremulously, sought the hilt of his dagger.

Raoul observed this threatening movement; but instead of putting himself on the defensive he moved a step nearer to the marquis; until, in fact, their two faces almost met. The pupils of his eyes dilated in an extraordinary manner, and on the features of the marquis he fixed a strange and flaming gaze, before the intensity of which the other shrank involuntarily.

At length the calm and clear voice of De Maurevert broke the painful silence maintained by the spectators of this terrible scene.

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais, and you also, Chevalier de Sforzi: I beg that neither of you will take in ill part my interference in a discussion with which I have no direct concern, nor the observation I am about to have the honor to make to you. It seems to me that you have, both of you, very badly chosen your time and place for the interchange of courtesies. Before women and varlets two gentlemen can hardly fight in a becoming manner. If you will favor me with your confidence, we may descend into the garden, where I undertake, on my honor, to observe a strict neutrality. I will confine myself entirely to seeing fair play between you, and leave you to fight at your ease. You gladly accept my proposition? Let us go down into the garden at once, then."

"Who are you, monsieur, who dare to address me in this manner?" demanded the marquis, in a withering tone. "A Tremblais measure swords with an unknown adventurer! You must be mad to imagine for a moment that I should so far forget my birth and quality."

"Have a care, marquis," replied the giant, still in the same calm tone; "without knowing what you are doing, you are running the risk of rousing my slumbering bile, and ruffling the habitual smoothness of my character! Who am I? you ask. Parbleu, a gentleman like yourself, and your equal in all respects! Captain Roland de Maurevert, the familiar of his Majesty, Henry III., and the intimate friend of Messieurs de Guise!"

A contemptuous smile passed over the marquis's features.

"What do I care for the house of Valois, or for that of Lorraine!" he cried; "I hold my power in my own right alone."

At these arrogant words, pronounced in a superb tone, De Maurevert raised his eyes towards heaven, and appeared filled with astonishment and indignation.

"Is it possible that I have heard aright?" he cried, clasping his hands. "Oh, all you here present! I take you to witness the abominable crime of *lèse-majesté* that has just been committed. Marquis de la Tremblais, in the name of the respect, obedience, and fidelity I owe, as a subject, to his Majesty, King Henry III., my master—you are my prisoner!"

The captain's audacity roused the fury of the marquis to the highest pitch.

"Death!" he exclaimed, "do you think it is enough to throw a net over a lion to master him? You must first be sure that the meshes are strong enough to resist his claws! Back traitors and varlets! You shall suffer for this before long, I swear, on the faith of a gentleman. Back, I say!"

While speaking, he drew his dagger and moved towards the door. De Maurevert, sword in hand, barred his passage.

"In addition to roaring, the lion will now, doubtless, show us his strength and courage," said the giant. "Marquis de la Tremblais, if you move forward another step, I shall be under the necessity of pinning you to the floor with my sword! Ah! that induces you to indulge in the luxury of reflection for a moment! the prospective of horizontal immobility I have promised you somewhat tempers your transports! Evidently you are not a man of action, marquis; negotiation, I imagine, is more to your taste than fighting. Let us negotiate, by all means, if you prefer it. You have rendered yourself liable to all the pains and penalties attaching to the horrible crime of *lèse-majesté*; but for all sin there is forgiveness. I, myself, am disposed to be clement, and, therefore, I will leave to you the right to fix the amount of your ransom. At the same time, I beg you to bear in mind—in carefully considering the question of amount—that the larger the sum you decide on naming, the stronger will be the evidence of your contrition and no one ever can too much repent having defied his sovereign! I await your answer, marquis."

During the delivery of this address a strange change came over the air of the marquis. The expression of fury which had contracted his features passed out of his face—his threatening attitude gave place to a look, if not of humbleness, at least of placid resignation.

"Captain," he replied in a softened voice, "I have always held men of judgment in serious consideration and great esteem. Your way of looking at things please me much. I see that

I was wrong in not instantly according to you an attention worthy of your desert."

"Ah, marquis, you flatter me!"

"Not at all—I do you no more than simple justice. I shall be surprised, captain, if we do not in the end become excellent friends?"

"The honor would be all on my side. But let us return, I beg, to the subject of your ransom?"

"With pleasure. You see that I am disposed to make the greatest sacrifices."

"I am happy to hear you say so, marquis. I, on my part, am animated by a spirit of extreme conciliation. Pray make your proposal."

The marquis de la Tremblais, after a moment's reflection, was about to reply, when the Dame d'Erlanges approached him with a majestic bearing, and in a grave tone said:

"Monsieur le Marquis, it is time to put an end to this useless discussion. What is the good of your pretending to believe what Monsieur de Maurevert has been saying to you, when you know that in my presence you are safe from any attempt at violence? It was by your own free will that you came into my chateau, and you are now free to leave it whenever it pleases you to do so. If the insult which you have received had come from one of my servants I should have humbly begged of you to excuse it, but it befits neither my dignity nor rank to interfere in a quarrel of gentlemen. Marquis, I salute you."

"Horns of Pluto!" cried De Maurevert, "this is pleasant. What! am I not to have the right of discussing with my prisoner the terms of his ransom?"

"You are my guest, Captain de Maurevert," replied the Dame d'Erlanges, coldly, "and that quality assures you on my part considerable condescension; do not, I entreat of you, compel me to remind you that I alone am mistress here. Marquis, I repeat, I will not detain you any longer."

"The fact is, my poor captain," said the marquis, slyly, "there is no denying what Madame d'Erlanges says. I am truly distressed at your misadventure. But do not be downhearted; perhaps something may turn up to compensate you for this little disappointment. If it would not be too greatly taxing your *complaisance* might I ask you to accompany me to the gates of the chateau?"

"I am at your orders, monsieur," replied the captain, furiously biting his moustache.

The marquis, who from the time of his arrival had not removed his cap, moved towards the door without offering any salutation to the Dame d'Erlanges.

"As to you," he said, in passing Raoul, "we shall meet again."

"Heaven send it may be speedily, and on neutral ground," replied the chevalier.

At the instant of passing from the room, the marquis appeared suddenly to remember something, and returning upon his steps, crossed to where Diane stood motionless and pale in the darkest corner of the room.

After looking at her for a moment in silence, he said, in a tone of voice at once sneering and passionate,

"To induce me to forget this morning, and obtain pardon for your mother, you will have to bend your opposition to my wishes."

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the charming girl. The marquis bowed; then taking De Maurevert's arm, left the room.

Once in the courtyard of the chateau, he stopped, and after assuring himself that no one was within earshot, thus addressed the captain:

"Let us lose no time in useless talk," he said. "Do not attempt to deceive me. Though I see you to-day for the first time, I know you as well as if we had lived together for ten years intimately. Your conscience is of the most accommodating kind. You have no scruples; you do not believe in remorse, and you love money."

"Marquis!"

"Did I not tell you it is of no use attempting to deceive me? You have too much good sense for me to go round about with you; therefore, I come to the point directly and at once—you love money."

"I do. What then?"

"Will you enter into my quarrel, and help me to avenge it? There are five hundred sun crowns\* to be gained."

"The sum is not enormous," replied De Maurevert; "but before we discuss the amount, first inform me against whom your vengeance is to be carried out. Is it against these Dames d'Erlanges? In that case I accept. I know nothing of them personally."

"Very good. But my vengeance does not stop at this vile old Huguenot sorceress! It includes that miserable adventurer who has put upon me the most bloody of all affronts; who has dared to give me the lie! This Chevalier Sforzi! I desire my vengeance to equal the outrage, that it should terrify the whole of Auvergne! If five hundred crowns do not appear to you enough, I will double the sum."

"By doing so you would merely double the horror with which I repulse your atrocious offer," cried De Maurevert, in a tone that startled and astonished his interlocutor. "Marquis de la Tremblais, you have formed a very accurate estimate of me: my conscience is one of the most accommodating. I do laugh at all scruples, I love money, and I do not believe in remorse; in a word, if I were not a gentleman, I might be fairly be treated as a scoundrel. That is frank, I think. Bah! we are alone, and it con-

\*In 1581, the *écu au soleil*, the gold coin, was worth from sixty to sixty-five sols—eighteen to twenty francs of the present day.

cerns you more than it does me; why should I pretend to be a saint? Only, among all this heap of vices, I possess, marquis, one small virtue: I respect my word. For all the treasures in the world I wouldn't break my oath."

"Now, you must know, marquis," he continued, "that Raoul and myself contracted no later than yesterday a league of friendship—a defensive alliance. If I had only had the good fortune to have met you forty-eight hours earlier—but now the evil is done, and we must resign ourselves to the consequences. But if you will allow me I will—I will not say give you a word of advice, but make a suggestion; do not think of attacking this little chevalier—he's a tiger! Our acquaintance commenced yesterday, sword in hand. I flatter myself that I play very prettily with sword and dagger, and should not fear to stand face to face with Hercules himself; well! will you believe it?—this Raoul, even to this moment I cannot understand how he did it—in less time than it takes me to tell you, had me on the ground, his knee on my chest and his dagger at my throat. To that you reply that you do not intend to meet the chevalier yourself, but leave him to be dealt with by your servants. Very well. Do you know what will be the result?—that his sword will serve your handsome set of apostles in the same fashion—which would be a pity. Trust to my experience, marquis, and let the affair drop."

"I am most obliged to you for your information, my dear captain," replied the marquis coldly, "and will endeavor to profit by your advice. We are arrived at the postern: I will not trouble you further, Monsieur de Maurevert. I hope we shall meet again."

As soon as he was out of the chateau, the Marquis de la Tremblais repaid himself by a volley of oaths for the partial restraint he had been obliged to put upon himself.

"Benoist!" he cried to the chief of the apostles, "the Chateau de Tauve contains a wretch named Sforzi; before a week has passed this man must be in my power. A hundred gold crowns for you if you succeed—the gallows if you fail! I accept beforehand responsibility for all the means you may employ in the execution of my orders. How will you get to recognize him?"

"I have already seen him, monseigneur."

"When was that?"

"Yesterday, monseigneur. He was in company with the giant who struck me."

"Nothing could be better!" cried the marquis. "This giant, Captain de Maurevert, is the only support possessed by Sforzi. You understand? I put no restriction on you."

"Be under no apprehension, monseigneur," replied the chief of the apostles, in a hoarse voice, while a sinister smile played about his hideous features. "Your wish shall be accomplished."

"One last word, Benoist—the chevalier must be delivered into my hands living!—living! for a simple stab of a poignard would not satisfy my vengeance."

"You shall have him, living, monseigneur. As to Captain de Maurevert—"

"About him I care not—I leave him to you."

"I humbly thank you, monseigneur," replied Benoist, with a fiendish sparkle in his deep-set eyes.

(To be continued.)

#### WITCHCRAFT.

It was in Germany that the belief in witchcraft seems to have first taken that dark, systematic form which held so fearful a sway over men's minds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There the wilder superstitions of the ancient Teutonic creed have been preserved in greater force than in any other part of Europe. The pious legends of Cæsar of Heisterbach, who flourished in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, are little better than a mass of stories of magic and sorcery. The imaginative feelings of the people, and the wild character of many parts of the country, were peculiarly calculated to foster superstitions of this character.

In fact, we may trace back distinctly most of the circumstances of the earlier belief relating to witchcraft to the mythology of the ante-Christian period. The grand night of meeting of the German witches was the night of St. Walpurgis, which answered to one of the religious festivals of the Teutonic tribes before their conversion. In after-times two other nights of annual assembly were added—those of the feasts of St. John and St. Bartholomew. It is probable that, as Christianity gained ground and became established as the religion of the state, the old religious festivals, to which the lower and more ignorant part of the people, and particularly the weaker sex (more susceptible of superstitious feelings), were still attached, were celebrated in solitary places and in private, and those who frequented them were branded as witches and sorcerers, who met together to hold communion with demons, for as such the earlier Christians looked upon all the heathen gods. This gives us an easy explanation of the manner in which the heathen worship became transformed into the witchcraft in the Middle Ages.

At an early period it was commonly believed that the witches rode through the air to the place of rendezvous on reeds and sticks, or on besoms, which latter were the articles readiest at hand to women of this classic society. The chief place of meeting at the great annual witch-festivals in Germany appears to have been, from an earlier period, the Brocken Mountain, the highest part of the wild Harz chain, but

there were several other places of resort. The persons believed to have been initiated at their assemblies were looked upon with dread, for they were supposed to be capable of injuring people in various ways, both in their persons and their possessions, and their malice was especially directed against little children.

One of the earliest trials for witchcraft, unconnected with other offences, on the Continent, is that of a woman in the bishopric of Novara, on the northern borders of Italy, about the middle of the fourteenth century; and it illustrates the general belief which also prevailed in Germany at that period. It appears, from the slight account which remains of this trial, that the belief then held by the Church was that women of this class could by their touch or look fascinate men, or children, or beasts, so as to produce sickness and death; and they believed farther that they had devoted their own souls to the demon, to whom also they had done personal homage, after having trampled under foot the figure of the cross. For these offences they were judged by the most learned theologians to be worthy of being burnt at the stake.

#### AN ANACONDA TAKING ITS DINNER.

Quite a large number of persons were assembled a few days since at the De Groot House, New York, Fourth Avenue, to witness the feeding of a boa-constrictor belonging to Mr. Parks. The animal had had nothing to eat for over two weeks, and was consequently in a condition of hunger which served to make the exhibition more interesting. It is kept in a box with a glass top, placed directly in front of a register, whereby it receives a degree of heat reminding it to some extent of its native African climate. When this box was drawn out into the centre of the room and the cover raised, the lengthy snake—more than seven feet—slowly crawled around the interior, his neck hardly thicker than a man's wrist, and the rest of the body comparatively attenuated. In one corner of the apartment was a basket containing four snow-white rabbits, nibbling and munching their food, totally unconscious of their approaching fate; the largest of these was first given to the snake. Still crawling, the thin neck kept constantly roving around the box, while the rabbit cowered as if dreading he knew not what. Soon the snake saw him. Gathering back nearly a foot he waited for a chance to strike. Just then the rabbit turned his head and approached, as he'd done several times before, to touch the snake's head. The small eyes gleamed, the narrow forked tongue shot in and out like a whip-thong, and in an instant, quicker than the watching eye could follow the motion, the reptile caught him by the nose. At the same moment, the long, slim body was wrapped around the rabbit in three folds. Tightening quickly, the skin of the snake became rough and corrugated; it glistened with a strange, shiny lustre not hitherto observable, and was wrinkled in numberless little circling rings. "Bunny" uttered no squeak, gave no sign of vitality, with the exception of a simple convulsive kick. He was evidently suffocated soon after the catching; he felt no pain, but died easily. For some minutes the snake stayed thus, the folds contracting, the skin becoming rougher, and the lustre deepening. Then the small, leathery head drew back from the circumvolved rabbit, and the keen eye regarded it curiously. The folds contracted more and more, until poor "Bunny" seemed to be no longer by half than nature had fashioned him. So prepared for swallowing, the snake commenced that operation. Contrary to the popular opinion, he did not cover the animal with saliva, but began absorbing him without further ceremony. The lower jaw dropped, extending to quite its natural size, and the rabbit's head was gently sucked in. Next, the skin, seemingly loose, wrinkled into irregular creases near the neck, as if the snake were shrugging its shoulders. As these wrinkles straightened out the rabbit disappeared down the gaping jaws. Slipping, it glided away until there was left of it but the tail and hind legs. A final gulp, and these, too, were gone. The wrinkles still crawled and crept over the snake's skin, while his food could be plainly seen passing down his body. A rest was now given him, though shortly his movements and the swift darting of his tongue, showed him to be ready for further food. Again a rabbit was placed in the box, but although once struck it showed such skill in dodging the snake that by unanimous desire of the spectators he was taken out and restored to his former state of unthinking happiness. The next one was ineffectually seized. Escaping the stroke, the rabbit fled to a corner, but in an instant was grasped by the hind leg and enveloped in thick coils. The operation did not occupy more time than would a flash of lightning. With a few faint squeaks the rabbit was dead, and was leisurely swallowed like his predecessor. Although four were provided, two only were eaten, and having accomplished the deglutition of these the snake cared for no more. As an incident in observation of natural history the sight was entertaining, and all the more so that the rabbits were killed so suddenly that their suffering was almost nothing.

A new and wonderful beauty has dawned upon Rome—an Austrian Princess Fürstemburg, a large, dark woman, with man-like hair, huge coiffure, great black eyes, rich skin, heroic features, and a Venus of Milo form. Her laugh and words can be heard three houses distant.



## MY LOVE AND I.

BY MAX.

In the splendor of the summer when the mel-  
low blushing roses  
Fill the green earth with their sweetness, and  
the finches sing in tune;  
When the throstle in a covert to his mate dear  
love discloses,  
And the human heart is happy with the many  
songs of June.

In a garden near the city underneath the shady  
branches,  
From the glare and noise of London life we  
walked, my love and I;  
I have somewhere read "the spirit in its glad-  
ness leaps and dances,"  
And I know mine thrill'd with rapture as  
that happy day went by.

And the gardens were enchanting with the  
perfume and the splendor,  
For the world was bathed in glory from the  
beauty of the sun,  
And a face was turned to mine with its trustful  
smiles and tender,  
As we lingered in the sunset till the day was  
nearly done.

I had dreamed in years departed of a maiden  
fair and saintly,  
And within her eyes the whiteness of her  
spirit seemed to shine;  
In the gardens on that evening I recalled my  
vision faintly,  
As my darling nestled closer to the faithful  
heart of mine.

O, love is but a chimera if the passion be un-  
stable,  
But it must be good and noble to the faithful  
heart and true;  
And I gave her, never grudging, all the homage  
I was able,  
For I loved her as a miser loves his gold above  
its due.

What to me were fame and honour, what to me  
were wealth and learning,  
If she did not glorify them with the sweetness  
of her love?  
And I looked upon her beauty all my heart and  
spirit yearning,  
As the rose yearns for the kisses of the sun-  
beams from above.

And I thought she loved me truly, but I think  
she loved me never,  
Or she did not learn my meaning in our walk  
that happy day;  
But the question is unheeded, and the dream is  
gone for ever,  
And the city cannot charm me as I walk my  
weary way.

And but yesterday I met her near the gardens  
in her carriage,  
When she paused to smile and speak again as  
sweetly as of yore;  
And my heart is glad to know that she is happy  
in her marriage,  
And the past will never pain her though it  
haunts me ever more.

The Legend of the Chateau of  
Pont de Gave.

BY E. L. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

Every one who has been at Pau must be well  
acquainted with the *parc*. It was my favorite  
resort, and on one particular morning, in the  
spring of 18—, I took my way to it by the castle  
gardens. I descended the steps, passed with a  
friendly nod the old woman dozing on the cold  
stones, gave a cheerful *bonjour* to the sentinel  
on duty in the archway, and turned down the  
walk under the castle walls. Here I paused  
and, leaning over the wall, gazed down on the  
lovely scene before me. For in those days it was  
lovely. The miserable huts, and scarcely better  
looking houses, the narrow street, and the  
great unsightly brewery were not then to be  
seen. Only the fair broad river, the fields  
bathed in the morning dew, the distant snow-  
capped mountains, and long bank of foliage  
bordering the *parc* met the gaze. Yes! there  
was one other object of interest, and though  
now built up and enclosed, though now partially  
cleared away to make room for the encroach-  
ments and requirements of a new generation,  
yet traces of it may still be seen, traces of that  
ancient chateau, more ancient far than the one  
which stands proudly on the hill looking down  
on its ruined predecessor, with all the quiet con-  
tempt which a well-to-do chateau cannot but  
express when placed in close proximity to a  
ruin. One tower, one ruined fragment of a  
tower, now alone remains of the Chateau of  
Pont de Gave, but on the day when I gazed  
down on the ancient walls two smaller towers  
still stood, flanking it on either side, while the  
form of the whilome court of the castle, the  
garden wall, and several offices might be easily  
traced by the fragments of masonry still in a  
state of preservation. Moreover, the ravages of  
Time the Destroyer, or maybe, some other  
power as certain in its effects, and more rapid

had laid bare the secrets of a tortuous passage  
which wound its labyrinthic course among the  
rocks, describing some twenty times its own  
actual length, and finally emerging upon the  
stony shore close to the smooth, clear stream.  
I remained some time gazing at this scene, in  
which the far-gone past was mingled with the  
bright and beauteous present, and as I gazed, in  
my fancy, the old walls rose once more as in  
the days gone by—the secret passage became  
once more a secret known only to the old and  
trusty few; life filled the ancient place, bright  
faces gazed from the windows looking for those  
who alas! might perhaps return no more; stout  
men-at-arms and warrior steeds tramped in the  
paved court; flags floated from the battlements  
and sentinels paced gravely to and fro. It was  
a bright picture, and as it faded from my fancy  
I exclaimed, involuntarily aloud, "It has a  
story. I am sure that it has a story! What  
would I not give to know it?" "Your wish,  
madame, is easily gratified," said a voice at my  
elbow, in English, though with a foreign ac-  
cent; and, turning round, I became aware of  
the presence of a priest of some sixty or seventy  
summers. I addressed him with an eager in-  
quiry as to how my wish could be accomplished.  
He smiled at my manner and informed me that  
he himself was in possession of a MS. contain-  
ing the popular legend of the last days of  
the Chateau of Pont de Gave. He would lend it  
to me with pleasure. "But," he continued, "I  
must warn madame that it is hard to decipher  
—not alone from age and the effects of damp,  
but it is written in a stiff and crabbed hand." Nothing  
daunted, I gratefully accepted the offer  
and in another hour was comfortably settled in  
my own room struggling with the promised  
difficulties. This is a translation of what I  
read.

## THE LEGEND.

The Chateau of Pont de Gave was a fair and  
goodly building, and the Baron of Pont de Gave  
was a brave warrior. His youth and his middle  
age had been passed in courts and cities, in the  
camp and in the battle-field, and now, in his old  
age, he dwelt in the home of his forefathers,  
tended by the fair hands of the Ladye Hermi-  
one, his wife, cheered by the growing beauty of  
the little Ladye Terthulda, his only child. Very  
fair to look upon was she. Tall and straight as  
a young poplar, with heavy masses of blue-black  
hair, and large, proud eyes, which seemed to  
look down on all mankind as though they were  
far, far beneath her. Very proud was the baron  
bold, but prouder still was his little daughter.  
None of her mother's sweet gentleness marked  
her manners. Her walk was stately as the  
baron's own. "She was born to command," said  
the vassals. "Fit mistress for such a castle;  
fit ruler for such an estate." "She shall wed  
with a prince of the land," thought the baron,  
as he watched her stately courtesy to his old  
friend and companion in arms the Prince de  
Cardova, when one fine day that ancient noble-  
man stopped at the castle gates to greet the  
child of his old ally. "She shall wed with a  
prince, shall she not, Hermione?" for thus was  
he wont to address his gentle wife. The mother  
sighed. She would fain have seen more of soft-  
ness, less of pride, in the marked features of her  
little child. Yet could she not suppress a smile  
when the girl extended her hand with an air to  
the old prince, who bent low over it, touching it  
lightly with his lips, as though she were already  
the greatest ladye in the land.

Time passed, and Terthulda grew to woman's  
estate, and the look of pride still dwelt in her  
clear, cold eyes. She was very beautiful. Far  
and near the fame of her beauty spread, and  
suits from many distant lands sought to wed  
with one so highly gifted in face and fortune too.  
Dukes, marquises, princes—nay, rumours whis-  
pered that a king had not disdained to sue for  
her hand—and one and all met with the same  
reception, the same cold tones and haughty  
bearing. As yet her heart seemed all untouched,  
as yet no one had offered to her well-pleased  
parents all they looked for in the husband of  
their child. This one was poor, though high in  
rank; that one bore a new name, and no new  
name, however high, could wed with the Pont  
de Gaves. The king was a widower, with many  
little princes and princesses to share his love  
with the peerless Terthulda; moreover, he  
must bear her off to his petty kingdom, and she  
should marry one who would reign with her over  
the vast domains of the Pont de Gaves. But  
there was time enough. The old people were in  
no hurry to part with the sole interest left to  
them in life; and, good sooth, Terthulda was  
but eighteen when one came to the chateau  
who combined in his own person all that the  
baron wished to find. The Duc de Lindecours  
was the second son of the oldest family in Nor-  
mandy; and, though his estates were vast, he  
was willing to give up all his love for them for  
the love of the fair Terthulda. He was young  
and comely, and the parents looked on him  
with a kindly eye and signified their desire to  
the young lady that she should become his wife.  
Terthulda grew pale as she listened. Her  
large eyelids drooped till the long black lashes  
swept her cheek. But in those days, in the fair  
land of France, the will of parents was law to  
the children; and as the girl swept her stately  
courtesy and left the presence of her father and  
mother no thought of rebellion entered her  
heart. The marriage was declared, and from  
that time forth men said the Ladye Terthulda  
was colder, haughtier, more stately than ever.  
No word of womanly kindness, no glance of  
softness and sympathy ever escaped her. She  
moved on her way in stern reserve. But those  
who watched her most narrowly might have

marked one moment's flush on her pale cheek,  
one moment's fire in the clear, cold eyes as they  
lighted on a dark head far, far distant in a cor-  
ner of the old chapel on the morning of her mar-  
riage day. The head was bent between the  
hands in all abandonment of misery, the face  
concealed, and as the ladye marked this her  
proud lip curled with scorn. The cure of love  
was strangely wrought. She never could have  
called him lord who thus weakly could give  
way. The slight head was thrown back with  
yet more haughtiness, the flush faded, and in a  
few minutes Terthulda was the bride of Al-  
debert of Lindecours.

Time passed—and with it the warrior baron  
and his gentle Hermione; and Terthulda and  
her lord ruled the lands of Pont de Gave. That  
is, Terthulda ruled and reigned, while Aldebert  
went forth to the court and cities, returning at  
long intervals; for his home was not a happy  
one. Terthulda scorned the life of cities, de-  
spised him for his love of ease, and pined for  
the warlike days of her brave old father. They  
came. More than once the chateau stood a  
siege. More than once were the enemy out-  
witted by a woman's wit, defeated by a wo-  
man's word. More than once, on her white  
charger Begor de Gave did the ladye rally forth  
at the head of her retainers and bravely rout  
the foe—her little son at her side—while her  
lord took his pleasure at a distance. More than  
one mark of battle was on her rounded arm and  
soft white hand. The little Victor was her pride  
and care. He was to be all that her father, the  
brave old warrior, had been, all that her hus-  
band should have been. All her care was to  
train him to the use of arms, to a knowledge of  
chivalry and knighthood's deeds. In this was  
she aided by Pierre, the seneschal of the chateau;  
he who had followed her father in all his  
later battles, and who now dwelt proudly on the  
past achievements and gloried in the honor of the  
name. Very precious was the little Victor in  
his mother's eyes, and in the eyes of the faith-  
ful Pierre, for he was the last hope of that an-  
cient race. If he should die unwed, the Chateau  
of Pont de Gave, and all the noble lands  
thereto belonging, would pass away into the  
hands of a brother of my lord the duke. So it  
was put down in the marriage papers, for no  
one akin to the Pont de Gave was living now.  
The duke's brother was smooth-spoken and soft,  
but the ladye loved him not—nay, she hated  
him as only such natures can hate; and well he  
knew it, and cleverly had he striven first to  
make, and then to widen the breach between  
her and her lord. This was the grief of  
her stirring life. This was the grief of that  
life when the war died out and the land  
was at rest—when her days grew quiet and  
sober, when her little son grew up strong, brave  
and beautiful—when at last she sent him forth,  
his shining armor decked with a scarf wrought  
by her own hands, in the colors of the Pont de  
Gaves, sent him forth to distant countries  
where honors might be sought and glory won.  
Bitter was the parting to her, sharp the pang—  
lasting the weight of sorrow for him who rode  
joyously away in all the freshness and hope of  
youth. But more bitter, more sharp, and  
heavier far was that goading thought, that if  
that young life should be quenched, if she and  
her lord should die, the hated Raoul de Linde-  
cours would pace the halls of Pont de Gave and  
call them all his own!

The boy came back from his first campaign  
more beautiful, more comely than ever. For  
three months he remained with his mother, for  
three months there was enough of toil for the  
old servants of the house. Jousts and revels  
were held at the chateau, hunting-parties issued  
at early dawn from the portals, gay barges plied  
here and there on the river. The mother  
watched him with pride as he led the sports;  
and truly this was a lawful pride, for was he  
not braver and fairer, taller and stronger than  
any other of that goodly company?

It was the Eve of St. Bartholomew. A grand  
tournament had been held that day. Victor had  
borne off the prize, a ring of priceless worth  
given to him by the fair hands of the Princess  
Valda herself. Terthulda had smiled at the  
blush which rose on the fair cheek of the prin-  
cess as she bent forward to place the ring on the  
lad's finger; and the mother's heart beat high  
as she thought that the day might come when  
Victor in his turn should be the donor, all prin-  
cess though the lady was, and of a royal house.  
But no blush was on Victor's happy face, nay,  
he barely looked on Valda; and as he bowed  
low a frown passed over Terthulda's brow, for  
she marked his wandering eye turn again and  
again to a distant spot where, dressed in simple  
white, sat a fair young girl with long bright  
curls and soft blue eyes. It was the close of  
that day, I say, and the ladye, wrapped in a  
long black mantle, with her ermine hood on her  
head and neck, passed quickly up the turret  
stairs and, dismissing the sentinel with a wave  
of her hand, stepped out on the battlements.  
She stood alone on the only tower now left of  
the chateau—on the spot where even now one  
might stand and gaze down on the lovely view.  
But she gazed not on that view. Her face was  
turned the other way, to where the shrubberies  
of the castle covered the hill which here rises  
so abruptly that one standing on the tower was  
on a level with one walking in the almond walk.  
And who walked there now? Upon whom was  
the ladye gazing, that her eye should grow so  
stern and fixed, her lips so firmly set? and that  
grey, ashen hue, why should it creep over her  
whole set face? It was Victor, the young hero  
of the day, the only hope of the ancient house.  
It was Clare de Lindecours, his cousin, daughter  
of the hated Raoul—the fair young girl with  
long bright curls and soft blue eyes. The ring,

the gift of the Princess Valda is in his hands,  
and—oh, heavens forbid it!—he is striving to  
place it on Clare's small finger.

"Your mother! oh, Victor, your mother! It  
must not be—not that, not that, Victor!" were  
the first words that fell on the ladye's ear.

"Not that?" replied the boy. "Then, Clare  
dearest, it must be my own ring, my signet  
ring. It might be that the princess's gift would  
cause you trouble from my mother; but this, O  
Clare, this you must take and wear it for my  
sake! See, I have kept your gift;" and from  
his embroidered waistcoat he drew out a slender  
chain of golden hair.

The Ladye Terthulda trembled from head to  
foot. It was fearful to witness such emotion in  
one usually so calm and unmoved. Wrapping  
the heavy folds of her mantle around her stately  
figure, she stepped from the battlements, swept  
down the narrow stairs, and took her way to  
her own apartments. In a few minutes Victor  
received his mother's commands to wait on her.  
He obeyed. None ever knew what passed in  
the oriel room where that interview took place,  
but there were those who watched for Victor's  
reappearance, and when at length he came forth  
they marked his altered mien. High words  
had passed, for his face was flushed, and his  
whole bearing spoke of angry feeling—ruffled  
pride of early manhood. That night he rode  
from the chateau gates—that night at the head  
of his usual band of vassals and retainers he  
rode forth once more—to the Spanish wars, it  
was said—a hasty summons from the reigning  
king. That night a gloom fell on the Chateau  
of Pont de Gave, the guests were hastily dis-  
missed, and the ladye came forth to greet no  
one. Only the Princess Valda remained to the  
following day, only to the Princess Valda did  
the ladye deign to send words of excuse and  
courtesy—grief at the departure of her son, a  
sudden malady, she pleaded. Yet all knew  
full well that Terthulda of Pont de Gave had  
never known an hour of sickness—that she had  
sent her only son to fight his country's battles  
when he was yet a child, and seen him go un-  
moved, nor changed one item of her daily course.  
Only to speed the parting of the Princess Valda  
did the ladye emerge from her retirement next  
day, only to attend her to the gates; and then  
once more she passed to the oriel room and  
closed her doors to all. The princess and her  
suite in many carriages dashed forth from the  
great gates of Pont de Gave, and it was written  
that never more should guests be welcomed at  
that doomed castle. The days of gaiety and  
life were over. Hardly had the last attendant  
of the princess vanished among the wide-spread-  
ing foliage of the *parc* when the seneschal was  
summoned to his ladye's presence and orders  
were given him to close the big gates, and  
never to open them more, unless at her own  
command.

Time rolled on. Terthulda was a widow, but  
Alderbert's death caused no change in that  
dreary chateau. It seemed almost as though  
the ladye heeded it not. Time passed. The  
ancient servants grew older still, the younger  
ones grew old; the gates became rusty in their  
fastenings, moss and ivy crept over the hinges,  
and a little flower sprang out of the brass bears  
on the top and wound its graceful way between  
the iron bars, as if it would hold the two heavy  
side-gates together in its fairy meshes. The  
crow's foot was visible on the ladye's face. Her  
hair—the thick, heavy masses of blue-black  
hair—was deeply streaked with grey; but her  
eye remained unchanged—the same cold, clear  
glance of pride, and the same proud, stately  
gait. Beyond the castle gates she never passed.  
No friend, no visitor could gain admittance to  
her solitude. But each eve, as the sun set over  
the distant mountain peaks, as the faint rosy  
light faded to a deep grey, would the Ladye of  
Pont de Gave step forth to the almond walk.  
There, wrapped in the heavy velvet folds of her  
mantle of black, with the ermine hood round  
her head and neck, would she pace up and down,  
with measured gait and queenly step, back-  
wards and forwards, in that narrow walk, till  
darkness had closed in around her. One only  
companion was at her side, not only in those  
walks, but at all times. Brave, the big wolf-  
dog, the truest friend of her absent son. Brave  
had been given to Victor when Victor was but  
a child, and the two had grown up together.  
This is how it came about. Victor had escaped  
from his nurses and attendants and dashed out  
of the castle gates, one fine spring morning, just  
as the Prince Pondac Belmont was riding  
through the *parc* on his way to a bear-hunt.

Brave and his brother Courage were young  
dogs of a noble breed. They were not out of  
training. It was their first trial day, and both  
dogs and keepers were in a state of wild excite-  
ment. As the little Victor escaped from his  
guardians, so did Brave and Courage; and the  
huge animals came dashing towards the child,  
barking furiously, all their bristles standing on  
end. Men called and shouted, all in vain. But  
the child stood his ground manfully, though his  
face flushed high. As the animals neared him  
he drew his little sword with a movement so  
brisk and sudden that both dogs, daunted by so  
brave a front, stopped suddenly and crouched at  
his feet.

"Le petit brave! digne fils d'une telle mère,"  
said the prince as he rode up to the spot. There-  
upon he swore, "Les deux Braves sont faits l'un  
pour l'autre," and he gave the dog to the prin-  
ce's boy.

Terthulda was a proud mother when she  
witnessed the scene, but, oh, the pride should  
have turned to bitter grief as she paced that  
almond walk alone, with the faithful Brave at



her side, and pondered on the other Brave, his master, banished by her own mandate from his home!

For Victor came not. Years and years rolled by. The grey hairs became of a silvery white—the stately form was bent. No longer could the lady take her promenade in the almond walk. Her hours were passed in the oriel room whence she had sent him forth to his fate—where she had spoken the words which condemned herself to a life of solitude. Brave lived to a good old age, but at length the day came when he was placed under the ground in the almond walk, and then the lady was alone. One by one the ancient servants died. They were not replaced. By degrees the chateau was shut up—room by room, tower after tower falling already to decay through neglect and damp. At length only the oriel tower was inhabited—at length, of all that great household of servants and retainers, only Pierre, in extreme old age, was left to wait on the lady. Her wants were few and easily supplied. Her hours were passed at the window of the oriel room, whence she commanded a view of the valley of Jurançon and of the white winding road along which her son had taken his way on that night of the tournament day. Her eyes grew dim with watching, and her pale hands were folded before her—and still he came not.

But at length there came a day when the lady spoke once more of him whose name had never passed her lips since the night of that tournament day. Old Pierre was summoned to his lady's presence. Her strength was failing fast. Bowed down was her stately form, the pale hands trembled as she beckoned him to her side.

"Pierre!" said she, "Pierre! list to my words and obey! On the Eve of St. Bartholomew forty years will have passed since your young lord left these walls. If ere that day he is not among us again, these eyes will never more rest on his fair face! Pierre, my hour approaches; and when I am gone, the Lord Raoul de Lindécours—he who has waited all these years for that, forsooth, for which a prince might wait—he will come here and live and reign, and call it all his own! Pierre, I have sworn this shall not be!" She raised herself with trembling eagerness, and her head shook as with palsy.

"Go," said she, "go to the armoury tower, go to the fire-proof room, take thence combustibles enough to lay a train from thence to the river's bank. Spread it wide and thick, good Pierre, spread far and near—under the turret chambers, under the dungeon keep, through the secret passage, by the buttery hatch—and if the Eve of St. Bartholomew shall pass away and my son returns not to claim his right, then, good Pierre, save yourself. Creep out of the side postern-gate as fast as your old limbs will carry you. Set fire to the deadly train—and when the insolent Raoul shall come to reign and triumph here, his heritage shall be but a mass of ruined stone!"

She paused, and sank back on her couch, exhausted by the violence of her passion, but her dim eyes still sought the old man's face, as though questioning would he obey her wild command.

He lingered on the threshold, long habits of devoted obedience struggling with the strong desire to save the ancient place, to plead for the absent lord and son, and for the lady's own life.

At length he murmured low, "And should my lord return—"

Almost she rose from her couch; with all her feeble strength she sought once more to gain her feet. Somewhat of the ancient fire gleamed from the sunken eye as she raised her withered hand and pointed to the door. "On the Eve of St. Bartholomew!" were the only words she spoke. And Pierre turned to leave her presence.

The week dragged slowly on. The deadly train was all prepared. Each day had the old man added to it as his infirmities allowed; and each day took somewhat from the lady's strength. Each day found her weaker than the one before. Her breath waxed short, her figure shrank. It was plain that the end was near.

The sun rose bright on St. Bartholomew's Eve. As night approached, Pierre crept into his lady's room and gazed on her faded form. She roused herself as he stood, and tremblingly drew from under her pillow a timepiece of quaint device and form. She held it towards him and pointed with her withered finger to the hands which marked the hour of seven.

"Let it run on one hour, good Pierre," said she, "and then —"

No more was said. Too well he understood, and, with one last look on his lady's face, he turned to leave the room.

Slowly the minutes dragged their tedious course. Her dying eyes were fixed on the timepiece with painful watchfulness. The quarter passed—the half hour—the third quarter passed away; five minutes more, ay, ten. The smaller hand crept on into the last short space that marked the allotted time for the Chateau of Pont de Gave to rest in all its beauty undisturbed—the allotted time for the proud Lady of Pont de Gave to drag on her sad, sad life. It was nearly over now. A few minutes, and the chateau shall be one mass of ruins—a few minutes, and that frail form shall be a thing of nought, and the haughty spirit—ah, what of that dauntless soul?

Hark! a sound falls on the dying ear—a sound long unknown in that sad, dreary chamber. The tramp of horses in the court below, voices of men! The dying woman, with an effort almost more than human, raised herself half upright. She leans on the pillows—her head is bent eagerly forward, her white hair

escapes from the velvet bands and falls round the shrivelled face. A hasty, ringing step passes up the stairs—the jingling of sword and spur is heard resounding through the vaulted hall and corridor—the door is burst open—and Victor de Pont de Gave, her darling son, once more stands in the oriel room, once more stands in his mother's presence! The feeble arms are stretched towards him. A look of agony comes over the face, on which already Death has set his seal. Wildly she strives for utterance, but even in the effort the strength falls—the fiat is gone forth. He makes one step forward to her side. Too late, too late, Victor de Pont de Gave! Death is there before you. And death is around you, Lord of Pont de Gave!—dealt by a mother's hand! A loud explosion, heard even in the distant realms of Raspar of Argellis, Monarch of Bagnère, rends the air.

The Chateau of Pont de Gave is one mass of ruins. The ashes of Terthulda and of Victor, her son, are buried in the chaos. Only the turret tower remains—only the turret stairs.

## THE SORCERER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I can only tell you what happened," said Colonel Blaine, "and you have only my bare word to rely upon. For all you know, I may be a little mad on one subject; at least I run the risk of being thought so by telling you the story at all. However, there are others in the world who can vouch for it, though they are not here now, and if you choose to have it, you may."

"I am a gray-headed man now, but this happened when I was a young fellow of twenty-five, and only a lieutenant—a newly made one at that. Our regiment had been ordered to India, and I, of course, was ready to do my duty, but it was just then rather a hard one, for I had only been married a fortnight to a girl I loved intensely. It was a terrible trial to both of us, and in our excitement, we said and did some very foolish things I have no doubt. Among others, we promised each other that, if either should die, his or her spirit would appear to the survivor."

"You would not be afraid of me, my dear?" she asked. "You would never be afraid of me, even were I dead; and I promise never to show any signs of terror, if you are the one to visit me."

"And it was likelier by far that I should be the one to keep the promise, if it could be kept, since I was going into battle, and she remained at home."

"The day came at last which tore us apart, and for many more, of course, we could hear nothing of each other. I wrote whenever I could, and her answers came full of love and tenderness. She was very well, very hopeful—happy in my love, though we were sundered. They were all my comfort, those dear letters, and I treasured them always next my heart. They went with me into battle. They saved me once from death, I fancy, for they were cut through and through by a sabre stroke which only gave me a slight scratch. Necessarily they were few, and so much more precious."

"It is not my intention to tell you of the battles that we fought, or of the dangers we encountered. My story begins in a time of peace, when our tents were pitched upon an arid plain, and we languished beneath the burning sun of India in the height of its fierce summer. Men died of sunstroke every day. Fevers broke out in the camp. I myself was not ill, but almost too languid to move."

"I thought of my wife incessantly. I had waited a long while in vain for an answer to my last letter; vague doubts troubled me. The horrible impossibility of receiving any news, terrible necessity of waiting for the tardy mails, was almost more than I could bear. I was ready to seize upon anything, however ridiculous, that could afford me relief. I counted the steps of the sentry just without the gate, and said to myself, if he makes an odd number before he turns, she is safe. He made an even number. I opened the Bible at random, saying to myself if nothing is wrong, Heaven will comfort me by giving me a gentle answer, and the words I read were those of grief and lamentation."

"Near me sat one or two other officers. One was smoking, one asleep, one trying to read a tattered newspaper. None of us had energy enough to attempt conversation."

"So we remained nearly all the afternoon, and the sun was going down, flinging long bars of crimson light across the tent, when my servant appeared at its opening, saluted, and waited to be questioned."

"Well, Norris?" I asked.

"I beg pardon, sir; but a sorcerer is waiting outside. He has done some wonderful things, and I took the liberty of telling you, sir. He would amuse you, sir, I think. He promises, and here Norris turned red, 'to look for any one you please—anywhere on earth. And, if you please, sir, he described my Nancy. She was walking in the park with a little child, as she does always of an afternoon with her mistress's children."

"These sorcerers are such rascals," said the major.

"It will only be a bore," said the colonel.

"But I sprang to my feet at once. I was in the mood for some such thing. And it was my tent in which we were, and I was master there."

"Show him in, Norris," I said. "Gentlemen, I fancy the man may at least amuse us. I have seen them do some curious things."

"Then I sat down again and waited. I was not such an idiot as to believe in Indian fortune-telling, I suppose; but I certainly expected something marvellous."

"Norris departed. In a moment more he returned with a tall, hollow-eyed man of about forty, who wore a robe embroidered with gold thread, and was followed by a boy of about ten years old, who wore nothing but a piece of blue cloth about his loins."

"Over his arm the sorcerer carried a large white cloth, and the boy bore a red cushion on his head. Both bowed profoundly, and the sorcerer, having uttered some cabalistic words, spread his cloth upon the ground and ordered the boy to place the cushion upon it. This being accomplished, he seated the boy upon the cushion and began to tie the cloth about him, knotting it over his head until he and the cushion were one huge bundle, when with furious cries and oaths he began to beat it with a knotted club that had been fastened at his waist, while the poor child's moans filled the whole tent with and forced from us exclamations of horror, although we felt assured that it was all part of some trick, and that no blows really fell upon the boy."

"At last he desisted, and unwrapped the cloth. Within it was the cushion, but no boy. We had seen him tie the little fellow up in the bundle, but he was there no longer. The magician appeared furious. He called upon the boy to return, and in an instant more there fell from the roof of the tent a gory head, which rolled to the magician's feet. An arm followed. Another. Then two legs. Then the body, all bloody and torn, and the magician having uttered ferocious cries and threats as each portion fell before him, gathered them all into the cloth again, tied it up, and fell to beating it once more. Immediately shrieks for pardon were heard within, and untying the bundle, the magician disclosed the boy sitting quietly on the cushion, with a broad grin on his mahogany countenance, and no sign of injury whatever about him."

"How the man performed the trick I do not know. We could discover nothing."

"It is clever," said the major. "I must say I've been more amused than I expected to be this hot day. What else can you do, Sorcerer?"

"I can show the fine English gentlemen their sweethearts," said the man. "I can tell them what they are doing, whether they are faithful. You are thinking of yours now, Sahib. Shall the boy look for her?"

"He spoke to me."

"I am thinking of my wife," said I. "For Heaven's sake, if you have any power by which to tell me of her welfare, do so."

"Ridiculous as the request may have seemed, none of my brother officers smiled. The sorcerer bowed, and motioned to the boy, who came and stood before him. He took the little brown hand in his, and making a cup of the palm, poured into it a reddish liquid from a little flask which he drew from his bosom."

"Write the lady's name on a piece of paper," he said, "and give it to me." I did so. I gave it to the sorcerer. He placed it on the boy's head a moment, and then dropped it into the liquid in his palm."

"Look for the lady," he said. The boy sighed. "I am looking," he said, "but it is so far. Such a long journey. Over the water. Away, away. I am tired."

"Go on," said the sorcerer.

"I go," said the boy. "This is the place, Oh, how strange! Not like this place. A tall house—big trees—flowers, flowers everywhere—water. Now I see a lady. She sits on a seat. She holds a book so. She reads. Pretty lady. Her hair is yellow. Her eyes are blue. She has a white dress. And on this finger are two rings. One gold—one gold with a diamond."

"It is Helen," I cried. "Go on. What is the matter?"

"Oh!" cried the boy—"Oh, don't you see? She is asleep. She does not know, and it is coming—closer, closer. Don't you see? Look!"

"His eyes were fixed upon the fluid in his palm. Impelled by my excitement, I also gazed into its depths, and then I also saw what he saw. The English garden; the bench beside the river; my Helen sitting upon it, asleep. A book had fallen into her lap. Her eyes were closed; her head rested against the three behind her."

"I see it all myself," I cried. "I see her—Helen! Helen!"

"Oh!" moaned the boy—"Oh, look! It comes! It creeps over the rock! It will kill her! See!"

"Then I also saw. A snake, one of a poisonous kind, was gliding over the rock behind my darling. Its horrible fangs were displayed. In a moment more it would be upon her."

"I gave a wild cry: 'My darling!' and sprang forward."

"Seize it," cried the sorcerer.

"For a moment I was no longer in India. I was in the garden of my own house. I stood beside my wife. I seized by the throat the horrible thing that threatened her life. Its fangs, entering my own arm, and I fell upon the grass in a swoon."

"When I came to myself, the sorcerer was kneeling beside me, applying to a wound on my arm a singularly perfumed salve. On the floor, at my feet, lay a dead snake. I heard the Major say:

"But where the deuce did it come from? It was wound around Dudley's arm, when I first saw it."

"And I heard the sorcerer reply:

"It is an English snake—not a very deadly one, and this salve will save the Sahib's life."

"Then I paid our juggler with all the money in my purse, and was ill for several days, suffering just what one must suffer from a snake bite."

"And it was all a juggler's trick, you say. Perhaps. But let me tell you the rest. The next letter I received from my wife ended thus:

"My darling, a strange thing has happened to me. You know the little bit of garden by the river was always said to be infested by snakes. I went there to read, the other afternoon, and was foolish enough to go to sleep there. I was dreaming of you, and thought I saw you in a tent, talking to a strange man—an Indian in an embroidered dress—when suddenly I started broad awake, and there on the rock beside me lay coiled a great snake, just ready for a spring."

"I shrieked aloud, and in a moment more I saw you before me. Yes, you, darling. I don't know how you came, but you were there. You seized the snake by the throat, and it coiled itself about your arm. I don't know any more. They picked me up from the grass a few minutes after, and I must have fainted, I think."

"Mamma says it was all a dream, but it seemed so real. My darling, I shall wait in terrible anxiety until I hear from you. It seemed to me that you were there, and that I was broad awake."

"Your anxious, loving wife, HELEN."

## OUR HIBERNATING ANIMALS.

To return to our hibernating animals. The dormouse has many of the habits of the squirrel, and, like that animal, lays by a winter store of food. It wakes less frequently than the squirrel; but whenever it is roused from its sleep, it always goes to its storehouse and takes a slight repast. There has been much controversy about the mole, and its method of passing the winter, some persons thinking that it is one of the hibernators, and others that it is active throughout the winter. I decidedly incline to the latter opinion, thinking that the mole can have no need for hibernation. In its subterranean abode the frost cannot touch it. All who have worked with the spade in winter know perfectly well that, however hard and stone-like the surface of the ground may be, the effect of the severest frost is very superficial, and that at a spade's depth or so the earth is as soft and penetrable as in the middle of summer. Consequently the worms on which the mole lives almost exclusively are able to traverse the soil, and the mole is equally able to pursue them. Moreover, the mole is a creature so strangely unable to endure even a short fast, that it would most probably perish of hunger before it had time to pass into a state of hibernation. As to the frogs and toads, which I have already mentioned among hibernators, they contrive to insinuate themselves underground in some strange way, and there pass the whole winter. I should think that, of all creatures, the frog would be the least fitted to endure either extreme cold or heat. Being destitute of any clothing of fur or feathers, and having a thin and highly porous skin, through which the moisture of the body rapidly exudes, the creature is necessarily sensitive to changes of temperature. If a frog happen to be in an unsheltered spot on a hot summer day it soon dies, the sunbeams drawing out through the skin the moisture on which its life depends, and rapidly drying up its dead body until it is like a piece of flat horn. So unprotected a creature would necessarily feel the cold as severely as the heat; and I very much doubt whether in a really severe frost a frog would traverse a distance of many yards without being first numbed by the cold, and then frozen as stiff as it would be baked stiff in summer. Snails and slugs are also safely at rest, guarded from the immediate influence of the cold. The reader may possibly have noticed that after an exceptionally severe winter slugs are always more numerous than snails when the spring has brought out the fresh foliage of the new year. The reason is simple enough: slugs, soft as their bodies may be, live for the most part underground, managing in some mysterious manner to force themselves below the surface of the earth. This they do even in the summer time; so that possessors of gardens, when they see the leaves of their favorite plants gnawed into rags, mostly lay the blame on the wrong creature. For example, they eat off the tender tops of the early peas as soon as they appear above ground; and the sparrow generally get the blame, and often suffers the punishment due to a delinquency which it did not commit. They even eat tobacco, in spite of the pungency of the leaf. Perhaps they take it as a zest with their ordinary meals, or eat it out of curiosity; but I do sincerely hope that the slugs which this year ate nearly all my tobacco plants found themselves very ill afterwards. Snails are much more suspected of doing ill than are slugs, because the latter are completely hidden under the earth, while the former can only conceal themselves in crevices. As far as I know, the snail does not retire underground, though there is no apparent reason why it should not do so. It is quite capable of burrowing, and always does so when it lays its round, translucent eggs. However, unless disturbed by men or birds, it is quite safe in its retreat, and, like the slug, fasts and sleeps throughout the entire winter. —*Decorative Blue.*



## DESMORO;

OR,

## THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

A whole fortnight had passed away. Ralph Thetford had communicated with the deceased Miss. Tillydale's lawyer at York, and her remains had been interred according to his directions.

A few days after the funeral, the man of law called upon Mrs. Thetford, and informed her that she was the sole heir to all her late aunt's possessions: at the same time recommending Ralph to give up his profession, and look after the management of his young wife's affairs.

So it was arranged that Ralph was to quit Manager Jellico's strolling company, and become an independent gentleman; to live henceforth at his ease, without the fear of poverty or scant ever visiting his domestic hearth.

"Desmoro," said Ralph, a few hours before his departure from Freshfield, "my wanderings are now all over, and I am a wealthy man, possessed of a loving wife; for which worldly blessings I have to thank you, my friend."

"Me!" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"To be sure! Had we not found you in the snow that night, we should never have called at Tillydale, and I should never have become acquainted with my Dinah. Now, do you see how much I owe you, Desmoro?"

"And how much do I not owe you, sir?" responded the other, in a grateful tone. "Have you not been very kind to me always?"

"But now that I have the power, I wish to be still kinder to you, my lad," pursued Ralph. "I want you to abandon this erratic life, and come with me."

Desmoro shook his head, and turned a shade paler than his wont. He did not like to appear thankless, and knew not how to decline this offer.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," stammered he, in some embarrassment, "but I should not like to live a life of dependence. I would rather, for awhile, rough it, as the saying is, and strive to carve out my own fortunes, than be indebted to any one."

Desmoro was thinking of the clown's lovely daughter; it was for her sake that he was thus refusing to accept Ralph Thetford's generous offer.

"Is it possible that you would rather lead this wandering existence than enjoy one of respectability, peace, and rest?"

The word "respectability" grated on the youth's ear, and for a few seconds his mind wavered, and he felt quite at a loss how to reply.

It was ten o'clock in the morning; and this scene was passing in one of the dingy rooms of the theatre where Desmoro abided. A comfortable apartment it was, looking out upon the roofs of other buildings, and stowed full of stage furniture and stage properties.

Desmoro was sitting before the fire, his feet upon a rude fender, across his knees a steel breast-plate, which he was polishing, rubbing at whilst he thought.

The place had a desolate, ghostly appearance, that seemed to make Desmoro's heart sick in his bosom. For here was a gilded chair, tarnished and broken; there, a sofa, with its cover all faded and torn, with a rickety back and crippled legs; in another place, a couple of dilapidated banners, on one of which was painted a crucifix—on the second, a skull and cross-bones. Hanging on the walls were several tin shields, rusty swords, suits of armor, battle-axes, chains, helmets, masks, gauntlets, belts, pistols, daggers, knives, soldiers' knapsacks, guns, sabres, whips, cowls and gabardines.

Desmoro glanced around at all these articles: as he did so, a shudder passed through his frame. The youth had an eye for cleanliness, order and comfort, and there was nothing here but dust, confusion and discomfort. It was a sad shelter for a proud-spirited boy; but it was a shelter which he paid for by the labour of his own hands, and the sweat of his brow; and therefore it was his own for those hours during which he chose to occupy it.

"Well, my lad?" interrogated Ralph Thetford.

Desmoro roused himself from his musings.

"Mr. Jellico might think me ungrateful, were I to leave him, sir?" he observed, his gaze slowly moving to the embers in the grate, and thence to his companion's face.

"Not at all," was the ready rejoinder. "I have already spoken to him upon this subject, and he will only be too happy to see you better your present condition."

"He is very good to me, and so are you, sir," Desmoro hesitatingly returned; "but—"

Just at this "but," the room-door was thrust open, and Shavings' head made itself visible.

Desmoro's mind was made up in a moment, now. The sight of the clown's face, which was soon followed by that of Comfort, had fixed his wavering resolution. He could not go hence, and see her no more—oh, no! He would rather endure anything than lose the tones of her silvery voice, the soft glances of her eyes, and the gentle touch of her friendly hand. And Des-

moro's visage brightened, his breast grew lighter, as he replied to Ralph,

"I think, sir, I'd prefer staying where I am. I ought to work for my bread, and here I shall have to do so."

"Reflect, my lad—reflect!" said Ralph. "Remember, there is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune!"

"What's that you're saying about fortune, Thetford?" inquired Shavings, entering the room, followed by Comfort. "Ah, it's well for you to be able to talk of fortune; I wish to gracious I could!"

"I'm advising Desmoro to quit this sort of life, and to come with me!" returned Ralph.

"And very good advisin', truly, Thetford; although we shall be sorry enough to have him leave us," answered the clown.

Desmoro glanced at Comfort during the above speech, and remarked that she had suddenly grown very pale.

Did she fear his going? Oh, then, not for the world's riches, would he forsake her dear side!

"And what's he sayin' to your proposal, Thetford?" queried Shavings. "He's jumpin' at it, of course?"

Comfort's eyes were fixed upon Desmoro's lips, which she was watching in painful anxiety.

"No; he's preferring to stay where he is!" answered Ralph, in regretful accents.

"Ah!" he's smelt the footlights!" laughed Shavings, slapping Desmoro on the shoulder as he spoke,—"he has smelt the footlights, and cannot leave 'em! Is that the fact, Desmoro?"

"Perhaps so," answered the youth, with an abashed air.

"Ah, I understand all about it, my lad! I once felt in the same way, exactly."

"And I, also," chimed in Ralph Thetford. "But the stage has ceased to fascinate me, now."

"And very naturally so," responded the clown. "You have grown rich and are married to a woman whom you admire and love; but this lad is poor and ambitious, so we must have some consideration for him!"

"I wish I had time to relate my own history to him," Ralph added, in serious accents.

"Well, youth must have its fling!" exclaimed Shavings, who did not relish the notion of parting with his young friend, Desmoro. "You have had yours, Thetford, and I've had mine; and now we both of us pretty nigh sobered! I know I am; past forty years of age, as I be, a widower, and one fair daughter!" chirped he, clapping his hands, and then turning a pirouette in the middle of the floor. "But never say die, is one of my mottoes; and make yourself as happy as you can, is another! That's your sort—aren't it, Desmoro, my boy?"

"Well, if you should ever stand in need of a friend, Desmoro, whether soon or far hence, send to me at York, and your application shall be instantly attended to. I am grieved that I cannot influence you as I could wish; but I trust that you will change your mind by-and-by, and come to me!"

"Thank the gods I am in time to bid you farewell, Ralph?" a sonorous voice exclaimed; and Mrs. Polderbrant, in one of her peculiar costumes, made herself apparent.

"My dear Mrs. Polderbrant, you are just the very person I am waiting to see, and speak to!" returned Ralph.

"Is it possible, I am delighted to hear as much," rejoined she, significantly glancing at the clown and his daughter, who, taking her hint, at once left the room, followed by Desmoro.

"My dear Mrs. Polderbrant!" commenced Ralph, as soon as they were left alone together, "we are no strangers to one another; we have known each other for some years!"

"Five years and ten weeks exactly, Mr. Thetford," was her matter-of-fact rejoinder.

"Yes; I daresay it is that length of time since you joined Jellico's company. Well, knowing you all those many years, and always admiring your good sense and charitable nature, I am emboldened to ask you to do me a real service!"

"I'll do it, Mr. Thetford; I'll do it, whatever it may be?" was her ready and earnest answer.

"Thank you, thank you. I was quite sure that you would help me in this little matter."

"What is it, Ralph—pray pardon me, I forget that I ought not to take the liberty of addressing you by your Christian name now!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!"

"But you are now a rich man, you must remember, and, as such, ought to have some extra respect paid you."

"Oh! very well, just as you please, Mrs. Polderbrant!" laughed Ralph, in his usually light-hearted manner.

"Now for the service of which you spoke?"

"I want you to watch over that lad Desmoro, Mrs. Polderbrant—to be a friend to him in every way you can. I place the fullest dependence on you, as you will find on examining this by-and-by, when I am gone!" And so saying, Ralph produced his pocket-book, took thence several bank-notes, folded them, and put them in her hand.

"What are these for, Mr. Thetford?" she asked, greatly bewildered by his donation.

"Do not suffer Desmoro to want in any way; look after the lad, and may heaven bless you. You comprehend me now, Mrs. Polderbrant?"

"Yes; I am to use these, your gift, for the benefit of the boy."

"Precisely so."

"And I will do so, you may depend on't, Mr. Thetford. I will not rob the lad of one penny of the money!"

"I am sure you won't, I'm sure you won't!" returned Ralph. "Poor motherless fellow! I

feel quite rejoiced to be able to commit him to such careful hands as yours."

"You flatter me, Mr. Thetford; but I will do my best to merit a continuance of your good opinion."

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Polderbrant; recollect that a line, addressed to me at York, will always meet with a response." And wringing her hand, he left her, and quickly found his way to the stage, where all the members of the company had assembled in order to take leave of their favorite, Ralph Thetford.

The women were in tears, and the men all looked sorrowful at this parting.

Ralph kissed the former, and shook hands with the latter; then, waving his hat, he was gone, and over the threshold of the stage-door, into the street, where a postchaise was awaiting him.

Just as Ralph's foot was on the step of the vehicle, some one touched his arm.

"Desmoro!" he exclaimed, turning and perceiving the youth close to his elbow. "What have you changed your mind?"

"No, sir!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say so. What do you want, then?"

"To shake hands with you again, sir, and to beg you not to think me a thankless fellow. I didn't care to bid you good-bye just now before all the people, because I couldn't have told you as I wished to do how much I like you, and how grieved I am to say farewell to you."

Desmoro was almost choking as he thus delivered himself, and the hand resting in Ralph's palm was icy cold.

"Continue to be a good lad, Desmoro!" returned his friend. "And since you have chosen your own path in life, let us hope that it may one day lead to fortune. Heaven bless you!"

"And heaven bless you, also, sir," half-sobbed Desmoro, wringing Ralph's hand.

"Change your mind, my lad; it's not too late to do so, and come along with me," said Ralph, touched by the sadness of the youth's looks and tones.

"I—I wish I could, sir!" faltered Desmoro; "but I cannot, I feel chained here!"

Ralph was in the chaise, and its door was closed.

"Carry my respectful regards to Mrs. Thetford!" added Desmoro.

Ralph waved his hand, gave the signal to the driver, and the equipage dashed quickly away, and Desmoro was left with tears in his eyes, and sorrow in his heart, watching the vehicle recede from his view.

For several days after this, Desmoro was very silent and very mournful. He missed Ralph exceedingly, and deeply regretted the loss of his cheerful presence.

Well, time progressed. The troupe had left Freshfield, and was now located at a town called Braymount, which had a neat little theatre situated in its principal street.

Desmoro still continued to be industrious; and Jellico, seeing him so, was doubly kind to him, and matters proceeded smoothly enough between the manager and his protégé.

Despite the many discomforts he had to endure, Desmoro contrived to make himself tolerably happy in his position. His chief solace was Comfort, who was fast learning all the lessons he had to teach. Desmoro was very proud of his pupil, and robbed himself of many a meal in order that he might save pence enough to purchase certain second-hand books for her to study from.

One day, Desmoro, seeing a ticketed volume in a bookseller's window, and longing to possess himself of that volume, began to pinch himself in every way he could, on purpose to scrape together money enough to buy it.

The bookseller's shop was close by the theatre, so Desmoro had no difficulty in keeping a daily watch over the much-coveted prize, which had probably been in that same window for half a score of years or more.

Never did a hungry man look upon a loaf of bread with the longing eye that Desmoro looked upon that shabby dog-eared tome. He was actually ill with longing for it; for he feared that it was far beyond his reach, seeing that, however he scraped and pinched, his pence but slowly accumulated.

One dark morning, as Desmoro was sitting in his room, surrounded by stage properties and playbills, eating his breakfast, and dreaming of his old grandfather, of Comfort, and of the volume in the shop hard by, the door of the apartment opened, and Mrs. Polderbrant entered.

"Surprised to see me at such an early hour, ain't you?" said she, taking a chair opposite to her hero. "Of course you are; I see amazement written in thy looks!" she continued, in her usually exaggerated style of language. "Well, I will proceed to explain myself. You have been looking very poorly of late, very different from your former self, and I am come to inquire into the state of your bodily health, and to see if I can do anything to benefit you in any way. In the first place, what are you taking for breakfast?"

Desmoro colored deeply, and looked much confused, for he knew not how to tell her what his morning meal was only bread and water. But he was too honest to deceive her in any way, so he let his visitor satisfy herself concerning his repast.

Mrs. Polderbrant lifted up her hands in surprise.

"What!" she exclaimed; "can I believe my eyes? Only bread and water, as I'm a sinner! Why, Desmoro, do you mean to tell me that Jellico does not allow you the means of living in a Christian-like manner? Good gracious! Why, I'm horror-struck! Bread and water!

Oh, you may well be looking puny and haggard, thus feeding yourself on prison fare! How much do you get a week—tell me that?"

"Quite enough, ma'am, and more than I deserve!" answered Desmoro, modestly.

"That's not a satisfactory answer to my question. I ask you what sum you receive here weekly."

Desmoro hesitated. He could not understand wherefore Mrs. Polderbrant was so particularly interesting herself respecting his affairs. He was aware of the actress's eccentricity of character, and he felt some reluctance at gratifying her inquiries.

Now Desmoro's nature, although proud in the main, was naturally confiding and affectionate; and his companion, knowing as much, still pursued her theme, and in a manner which she thought he would be quite unable to resist.

"Desmoro," she went on, in altered tones, her hands clasped in her lap, "I have not always been the lone woman you behold me now. I once had a son, who was handsome in person, and full of bright promise as well. But he is now no more! He is above, above!" she added, lifting up her eyes, which were filled with sudden tears. "And I have an empty heart! Desmoro, will you accept a corner in that heart? It is not all cold—there are warm pulses beating in it yet?"

"You're very good, ma'am!" stammered he, at a loss how to reply to her.

"And you will confide in me, eh?" she eagerly cried.

"I have nothing to confide to you, ma'am."

"I want to know wherefore I see such a meal as that before you!" persisted she. "I want to be informed why I see you thus starving yourself to death, Desmoro?"

He bit his lips, faltered out a few unintelligible words, and then remained silent.

"I must know the truth!" pursued she, perseveringly, and in her blunt but kindly tones. "I'm not going to watch you dwindle down to mere skin and bone, and hold my peace all the while, just as if I had no feeling in my breast. I've promised somebody—it doesn't matter whom—to bestow an eye on your doings, therefore I am only keeping my word as an upright woman should. Now look here, my boy, if you don't tell me all about this starvation process of yours, I'll go straight to the manager, and report it to him; ah, that I will, as sure as my name is Patience Polderbrant!"

Desmoro's features worked spasmodically. He saw determination in all his companion's looks, and though he recoiled from revealing his bosom's secrets to any living being, he felt compelled to do so now.

"I am trying to save a little money, Mrs. Polderbrant!" quivered he, in great embarrassment.

"Save!" repeated she, in amazement. "Good gracious! Save, boy! For what?"

The color, which had vanished from his face, came back to it now in a scarlet flush.

"I don't like to say, ma'am!" faltered poor Desmoro, his eyes cast on the ground.

Mrs. Polderbrant looked at him suspiciously.

"Young man!" she exclaimed, in solemn accents, "young man!"

"I am doing no wrong—indeed, I am not, Mrs. Polderbrant," he uttered, in increasing confusion.

She shook her head. "I don't like secrecy, Desmoro!" she said, severely.

"Neither do I, ma'am."

"Then why practise it?"

"True," he rejoined.

Then there ensued a somewhat lengthy pause, during which Desmoro was sitting with his gaze on the floor, like one who had committed some guilty act.

"Whether we be old or young, there is nothing like having a clean breast of our own," she remarked.

"I have a clean breast, ma'am," he answered, on the instant, speaking in a proud tone, and with his head now raised.

"I'm glad to hear it, my boy—glad as if I were your own mother."

"I'm only saving money to buy a certain book that I want," explained he.

"A book! Gracious! what book?"

"One that's in the bookseller's shop close by here, ma'am."

"How much is it?—and what's its title?"

"Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature,' and other miscellaneous subjects."

"What!" half-screamed the lady, in blank amazement. "And what do you want with such a work?"

"To study it, ma'am."

"Well, you are an odd youth!" she returned, with a twinkle of pleasure in her cold eyes.

"How much have you saved towards purchasing this volume?"

"As yet, only eighteenpence, ma'am."

"And how much is this treatise?"

"A bargain—only six shillings."

"Go instantly and spend that eighteenpence in buying a comfortable meal, and let me hear no more about this pinching and killing yourself in order to get books on—heaven knows what. Now, make me no answer, Desmoro, but be off with you for some coffee and some butter. There—not another word!" added she, seeing him about to speak. "Maybe some good fairy or other will get you what you want besides. Go! Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once!" she commanded, starting up, and waving her hands in a tragic manner.

Desmoro vanished at once, and went out to do her bidding, which he performed reluctantly, parting with his few pence, his garnered store, as if he were parting with his very life.

As he returned from spending his hoarded



sum, he paused before the bookseller's window, in order to contemplate the much longed-for treasure, which he now deemed further out of his reach than ever. But judge of his surprise when he discovered that the volume was gone out of its usual place, and was nowhere to be seen! Desmoro's heart seemed to sink in his breast as his eyes scanned the several shelves of books, large and small, only to meet with disappointment.

"Some one has bought it at last!" sighed he. "Well, it was such a rare bargain that I don't wonder at its being gone!" And with a deeper sigh than before, the youth proceeded onwards, his spirit full of sadness and sore regrets.

Arrived at his dingy apartment, Desmoro was astonished to find no Mrs. Polderbrant there.

Mechanically he put down his recent purchases, and then, seating himself on a stool in front of the fire, he rested his chin on his two palms, fastened his gaze upon the dying embers in the rusty grate, and silently lamented his hard fate.

He never once thought of the coffee and the butter he had just bought—of the comfortable meal which was now within his reach. His reflections were all on a widely different subject.

Yet there was no atom of selfishness in these sorrowful repinings of his. If he wished to possess money, it was only that he might be able to procure books, procure pens, ink, and paper for Comfort's use—no more, as his own wants and desires were simple enough, and easily gratified.

While Desmoro was thus buried in his musings, the door of the room was opened, and Jellico entered.

The youth started up on the instant, and the warm flood flushed his face as he recognized the worthy manager.

"What is the matter with you, my lad? Are you not well?" queried Jellico.

Desmoro did not answer. His amazed eyes were fixed on a book—on the very volume which was in his thoughts at this moment, now lying on the table before him. He could not move; he felt as if he were transfixed to the spot—as if some sort of enchantment were at work around him.

Presently he rubbed his eyelids, doubting his waking senses, and then he lifted up the tome, and tenderly examined it.

"It's all a dream, isn't it, sir?" he breathed, looking at Jellico, who was standing in dumb wonderment, watching Desmoro's strange actions; "or is it by magic that this book came here?"

"Whatever is the matter with the lad?" queried the manager, laying hold of Desmoro's shoulder and shaking him. "Look me in the face, boy, and don't stare about you in that scared manner. One would imagine that you had just seen a ghost, or something very like it."

Desmoro, who had the volume clutched tightly in his hands, made no reply, but sent his wandering orbs round and round the room, which, to his present disturbed imagination, had suddenly become peopled with all sorts of fantastical forms,—with fairies and elves, goblins and sprites, who were all dancing about him, laughing and grinning at one another, and pointing at him as if they were making him their sport.

Again Jellico shook the youth, who dropped into a chair in an almost powerless state.

At this, the manager began to be somewhat alarmed. Desmoro was shivering all over, and his features were of a deathly hue. A cup, containing cold water, being within Jellico's reach, he gave the youth a draught of it.

Then Desmoro looked up with a clearer countenance.

"Whatever ails you, my lad?" inquired the manager, curious to learn the cause of his protégé's strange behavior.

Desmoro once more examined the welcome volume.

"Sir, did you bring hither this book?" asked he, still in nervous trepidation, his brow covered with a cold dew.

"That book?" repeated Jellico. "No, lad. I brought no book here!"

"You did not, sir?"

"Not I, indeed!" uttered the other.

"Then how came it here?" returned Desmoro, in great perplexity.

"How came what here?"

"Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature,' sir," was the simple reply.

"Hume's botheration! I never in my life heard of such a book!"

"Is it possible, sir?"

"What's the lad's brain rambling about, I wonder?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Desmoro, suddenly. "Mrs. Polderbrant—'tis her work; I see it all now!"

"What do you say you see?" said Jellico, wholly bewildered. "I verily believe, Desmoro, you are taking leave of your reason! Here have I been questioning you this ever so long, without being able to get a sensible word in reply. I can't understand your ways, and beg that you'll change them as soon as you can."

"Please to pardon me, sir, and I'll at once endeavor to explain myself."

"The sooner the better," responded the manager, very bluntly. "Go on!"

After a little hesitation, Desmoro obeyed, and Jellico was put in possession of most of these particulars with which you are already acquainted.

Jellico, who had listened to Desmoro in amused surprise, laughed, saying that it was altogether a most mysterious incident, and that he supposed some sort of magic had been at work in the affair. Mrs. Polderbrant looked like

a witch, he thought, and he had no doubt but that she had been exercising her supernatural powers, and had removed the book from its owner's window, and transported it into Desmoro's hands.

"I wouldn't have anything to do with the thing, if I were you, Desmoro," said the manager, jocosely.—"I really wouldn't!"

But the lad, all heedless of his companion's words, hugged his treasure to his breast, as if he feared its being rudely torn from him.

"If Mrs. Polderbrant made you a present of that great tome, she has certainly sprung a mine, somewhere," pursued Jellico, jestingly.

"It was to be had a great bargain, sir," remarked Desmoro—"a very great bargain, sir."

"There—there, that will do!" returned the manager. "Now to other and more important matters. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right! Now pay attention to what I am about to say. I have obtained a fine bespeak for next Friday evening, the patronage of no smaller a personage than the mayor of this very town. But his worship has brought me some trouble, for, double the parts as I may, I am afraid I shall not be able to give him the play he desires. Thetford's absence has crippled me. I have a *Juliet* but no *Romeo*. Now I remember you once telling me that you knew all Shakspeare's plays from beginning to end—consequently you must be up in the character of *Romeo*?"

"I know all the words, sir; but for all that, I dared not undertake to act the part," answered Desmoro, in considerable dismay. "Besides, I am far too young to perform the lover; the people would laugh at me did I attempt to do so, and the whole tragedy would be spoiled through my youth, inexperience, and lack of ability!"

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried Jellico. "Never heed your youth, lad, if you can make anything of the part. And as for people laughing! why, let those laugh who win, say I. I'm sure you're a fine strapping fellow, looking far older than your years; the very figure for a lover, too! Come, you must try the part; who knows what you may achieve by doing so?"

"I have never yet spoken one long speech on the stage. I have only delivered lines and messages."

"Then it's high time you strove to do something more," returned Jellico. "I'm sure you have talents, if you will exert them. You have industry in plenty—of that much I am assured—then have some courage as well, and the thing is at once accomplished."

Desmoro was confused, and quite at a loss what to say about the business. The proposed undertaking was one of great magnitude in his eyes, and he shrank at the mere idea of making such an arduous attempt.

But, by dint of much persuasion, Jellico at length prevailed upon our hero to essay the character of the love-stricken *Romeo*, and the tragedy was at once put in rehearsal, and Desmoro's whole attention was, for a time, completely absorbed in practising his several scenes over and over again, and in struggling against all his rising fears of that evening which was fast approaching—the evening of his *debut*.

"Never mind, my lad," said Shavings, one day, when Desmoro, who had been rehearsing his part to Comfort one day, was speaking of his apprehensions, of his terrors of the forthcoming ordeal through which he was about to pass. "Twelve o'clock must come!" Think of that fact when the curtain first rises, when you feel your heart going pit-a-pat underneath your spangled doublet, and you don't know what a sight of consolation it will afford you."

"Hear me through that scene again, will you, Comfort?" said the youth, speaking to that damsel, who was sitting on a stool in their humble lodgings, an open play-book on her knee, her sweet face full of admiration and wonder of Desmoro's powers of declamation.

"Now begin," said the maiden, her eyes still fixed on Desmoro.

"But you are not looking at the book," returned he.

"Because I have no occasion for so doing. I am as perfect in all the parts as you yourself are, and I mean to prompt you at night."

At this, Desmoro opened wide his eyes, while Shavings blinked, rubbed his hand, and chuckled merrily.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Desmoro Desmoro?" he exclaimed, in accents of triumph. "Comfort is for coming out strong, by-and-by, I expect! When do you think you'll be able to attempt *Juliet*, eh?" he added, his orbs twinkling with delight, caused only by his own anticipations.

Comfort blushed very prettily, and nodded her head in a self-satisfied way, as much as to say, "Wait awhile, and you shall see!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

At length the all-important night arrived. The mayor was in his box, and the theatre was crowded in every available part.

The band which consisted of a violin, a trumpet and a drum, now commenced to play "God Save the King," of which the trumpet and the drum had decidedly the best; the tones of the poor fiddle being only heard to squeak out at intervals, and somewhat spasmodically.

But the country folk listened to the music in rapt attention, and rapturously applauded the performers, beating time to the trumpet and the drum, which instrument evidently met with their warmest approbation.

All this while, Desmoro was in the room as-

signed to him and the various stage properties belonging to the establishment. The youth was under the skilful hands of Mrs. Polderbrant, who, herself attired as *Lady Capulet*, was painting his face, blackening his eyebrows, and darkening his upper lip, upon which a slight down was just beginning to appear.

"Now you are as perfect as hands can possibly make you," spoke the 'heavy lady,' adjusting the set of Desmoro's hat. "You are a very youthful *Romeo*, I'll admit; but if you act the part well, that's all you have to mind. You look quite eighteen, with that moustache," she added, regarding him critically.

He did not answer a word; at that moment he was too full of anxiety and trepidation to command his voice.

At this instant there came a gentle tap at the door, which being pushed open a little, showed the delicate face of Comfort Shavings.

"May I come in and take a peep at him, Mrs. Polderbrant?" queried the damsel. "Of course, I knew you were here, else I shouldn't have made bold to come," she added, still addressing the grim-visaged matron, who had nodded permission for her to enter.

"Oh, doesn't he look beautiful!" exclaimed the maiden, gazing at Desmoro, and clapping her hands admiringly. "Oh! won't *Juliet* fall really in love with you?"

"*Juliet* had better mind her own business, and do nothing of the sort," retorted Mrs. Polderbrant, irefully. "Fall in love with Desmoro! Why, Miss Ormand is thirty, if she's an hour! I wonder, child, to hear you talk such nonsense!"

Comfort colored at this rebuke, and turned aside to hide her confusion. She felt that she had made a foolish speech, and she was very sorry for it.

Desmoro, whose face had brightened, and heart had lightened at the first glimpse of her countenance, now drew near her, and whispered in her ear, "Keep near me, Comfort; I shall have courage while you are within my sight!"

"I am going to stand at the wing, and prompt you, should you need such assistance at any time," was the blushing reply.

"Thank you, Comfort; I'll do as much for you some day."

"You have already done plenty for me, more than I shall ever be able to repay you for."

"What are you chattering there about, Desmoro? authoritatively demanded Mrs. Polderbrant, who had been contemplating her physiognomy in a piece of looking-glass. "Don't you know that you ought to remain quite quiet, thinking only of your part, never for one instant permitting your mind to wander from it. I once heard the following observations from Mrs. Siddons—with which wondrous actress I have often had the honor of appearing in public. 'Few actors or actresses that talk much in the green-room will ever be heard with any extraordinary pleasure on the stage.' Bear that piece of advice in your minds, young people. Hark! there's the bell, the curtain is going up."

Saying which, Mrs. Polderbrant linked her arm through that of Desmoro; and, without a word more, marched him off to the wings, there to remain until his entrance-cue would be given. Comfort Shavings was standing on the opposite side of the stage, trembling for the success of her kind young tutor, whom she perceived glancing at her from time to time, as if to take courage from her looks.

At length, the waited-for cue was given; and our hero, by whose side Mrs. Polderbrant had sturdily remained, entered and stood before the audience.

In a private box near the stage were lounging a lady and gentleman, both of whom were looking very weary, as if they had come there only to look at others and yawn their time away. The gentleman was in the full-dress uniform of a military officer, and appeared to be somewhat past forty years of age.

The lady glanced at Desmoro; and, being struck by his youthful appearance, and by the peculiar beauty of his face, referred to the play-bill before her, in order to learn his name.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed she, aloud, the bill in her hands.

"Eh?" returned her companion, arousing himself, and opening his eyes, which had been closed. "What's extraordinary, Caroline?"

"Why, look here," she returned, giving him the programme, her finger on Desmoro's name.

"*Romeo, by Mr. Desmoro Desmoro*," read the gentleman, in calm syllables. Then of a sudden there was a rush, like fever-heat, to his brain and heart, as a crowd of old memories came surging over him, and his eyes fixed themselves on the printed letters before him.

"Is it not strange to find in a play-bill your name—which is one so very singular?"

"Oh, Desmoro is an old Irish name—a name which, in all probability, does not belong to this young fellow," added he, his lips twitching nervously as he spoke. "Actors rarely play under their own legitimate appellations. For, be they either Browns, or Joneses, or Smiths, as soon as ever they don the sock and buskin, they become Delorms, Belmonts, and Aubreys."

"Very absurd of them, I'm sure!"

And the lady shrugged her white shoulders, and again lounged back in her chair, looking languidly on the scene, as if it were a positive trouble to her to have to keep her eyes wide open.

But her companion, who was fairly aroused out of his apathy, was now leaning over the front of the box, narrowly watching all our hero's actions.

I have said that this box was close to the stage. Such being the case, the gentleman was near enough to observe Desmoro's every

feature; the color of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, his well-formed nose, his broad white brow, and his glossy hair of a rich auburn hue.

And, powers of heaven, his red hand! A cry of amazement—almost of pain—rose to the stranger's lips, but it was stifled ere it burst forth, and ended in a deep sigh.

'Twas he, sure enough, Desmoro Desmoro, the deserted son, the legitimate child of Desmoro Symure and Anna, his late wife.

Yes, yes; that red hand of his would proclaim his identity when every voice that could do so was stilled.

"You appear to be monstrously interested in the performance," remarked the lady, yawning. "I marvel how you can listen to it! For my part, I thoroughly abhor all Shakspeare's plays, and wonder why we came hither, unless to kill the time, which hangs upon one heavier than lead when one is living in any other place than London or Paris. Do leave off paying attention to those mummings—I'm convinced none of them are worth listening to—and talk to me, else I shall fall asleep here as I sit."

But her companion paid no heed—hatever to her speech, but still kept his gaze fixed on the stage, even though the act-drop had just fallen, and shut out the mimic scene from his view.

"Well, I must say that you excel all others in gallantry," pursued the lady, very fretfully. "Pray take me away. I'd rather be moped at home than here, where I am compelled to sit on a hard chair, hearkening first to drawing, then to ranting speeches, and afterwards to these horrible, screeching instruments. Do take me away, my dear."

At these words the gentleman turned his head towards the speaker, upon whom he looked with an abstracted air, as if his thoughts were all far away at the moment. He did not speak—he felt as if he had no breath to do so, and his brain was reeling round and round.

The lady, looking quite out of temper, now rose and gathered her cashmere about her.

"Eh, are you cold, Caroline?" he asked, recalling his thoughts, at the same time rising and assisting her with her shawl.

"I'm going home," pouted she.

"Not yet, surely? The first act of the play is only just over."

"Well, and what of that, if I feel weary of the thing?" she rejoined, crossly.

"But you forget, Caroline, that the carriage was not ordered until ten o'clock."

"Provoking!" exclaimed he, throwing herself back again into her chair. "Why did you bring me to such a paltry place as this, where I can get no amusement of any kind?" she added, commencing picking her bouquet to pieces. "It's a positive infliction being forced to remain when you refuse to talk to me, and won't even laugh at the people we see here!"

"I'm not in a humor of either talking or laughing to-night, Caroline," he answered, gloomily, passing his hand across his brow as he spoke.

She looked at him in some surprise. "What ails you?" she inquired. "Does your head ache? If it does, it's the vile air of this stifling place. Phew! I shall have a headache myself very soon, I feel one coming on."

"I am not in any pain whatever, Caroline," was his calm response. "I am simply in a silent mood, that is all, my dear."

"Silent mood!" repeated she. "Disagreeable mood, you should have said," she haughtily added.

"Probably so; I am sorry to be in such," he answered, with an inward moan.

And shading his eyes with his hand, he fell into a train of sad, aching thoughts, which carried him back into the past—to a period when a sunny-haired maid had stood with him at the altar, and solemnly pledged to him her troth.

Then his imagination pictured to him a bright young head, reclining on his breast, and loving eyes gazing tenderly and trustfully into his, while gentle and musical syllables were being trilled into his enraptured ears.

"Oh, Anna, Anna!" he inwardly moaned, "my poor, dead darling! how I have lived to miss your sweet smiles, your affectionate accents, and all your fond caresses! And how I have wronged your memory, and the sacred trust which you left behind you!"

Of course you have recognised the man whose heart had uttered the above regretful words; you know that you are in company with the unprincipled Desmoro Symure, the father of our hero.

(To be continued.)

A leading article in the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, advocating the cause of the soft sex, ably says: "Members of Parliament are neither so well qualified to deal with these laws, nor so capable of overcoming the difficulties in the way of procedure, as they would be if they were bound to consult women constituents, and dependent on the votes of women as well as men for the continuance of their legislative functions. The law that representation is necessary to secure just government has no more respect to sex than has the law of gravitation, and we trust that the day is not far distant when this truth will be recognized by the Legislature." It is clear from this that the law of gravitation has no respect for sex, yet there is an irresistible sense of gravitation on the part of the male to the female element. It is noticeable in a well-regulated society, especially when the women are pretty, talented, and fascinating in any way.







## FLORENCE CARR.

## A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A VOICE FROM THE EARTH.

Moll Arkshaw had gone to bed early on this particular evening, the one following that of the ball, for dancing all night and working all day, was enough to fatigue even her very robust frame. Though Florence had slept but very little more than her companion during the previous night, she could not think of rest or going to bed directly after her return from work at the mill. On the contrary, a restless, stifling feeling was upon her. A sensation of tightness on the chest, incapacity for breathing, and a dread of fainting seemed to come over her, and she felt that, whatever the weather might be, she must go out into the driving snow.

The softly falling snow had a kind of fascination for her; it sent the blood coursing quickly through her veins—made her feel that out among it she must go; and under the pretext of having some shopping to do, directly she had washed and changed her dress, she started, telling Moll she should not be long before she returned.

It was late, nearly nine o'clock, in fact, and all the best shops would be shut, she knew, neither was her purse so heavy, or intended purchases so large, that this made any difference to her.

A few needles, cottons, tapes and things of that kind, were all she intended to invest in, but it was the walk and the fresh cold air that she wanted, and she set off with a quick elastic step, glad to be free, glad also of the darkness that enveloped her.

She need not have felt so secure in the darkness, however, for it was not so dense but that a dark figure, watching the door of the cottage, saw her leave it, and followed her.

Unconscious that her steps were tracked, she went down the lane, turned into another, and had proceeded about half way through that, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and she paused with a frightened scream.

"Hush! don't be alarmed, I won't hurt you; I only want to speak with you a few seconds."

Thus said her captor, but in a voice that startled her.

It was not the voice of a rough working man, nor had it the sound even of that of one educated and having acquired a dash of the broad dialect of the neighborhood; on the contrary, it was soft, smooth, though powerful like that of a man well trained, and accustomed to public speaking; and a sinking dread came over her as she turned and recognised the clergyman who for so many days, and even weeks, had crossed her path.

"Who are you?—what do you want with me?" she asked in terror, and turning her head away as though she would shrink from, and feared recognition.

"You know me. I must speak with you; nay, I will," he added more fiercely, "and I will try to save you."

"Save me?—from what? I did not do it; I am innocent. I am not the person you suppose. I am——" then she stopped herself.

What was she saying? She might be betraying herself; needlessly so, too.

What was this man to her, and why should she fear him?

The thought of her danger, of the terrible peril in which an incautious word might place her, nerved her to regain her self-possession, and to assume a calmness and courage which she was far from feeling, and with a gasp, she said—

"You frightened me. I don't know what I am saying. Why do you stop me and hold me like this? What do you want?"

And she tried to release her arm from the grasp which he still held on it.

But he, fearing she would run from him if free, as no doubt she would have attempted to do still, clutched her sleeve, adding, however, as a kind of apology—

"Don't think me rude, but I must speak with you. I have put it off as long as I can, and it overmasters me; besides, I am told the spinner

Gresham, is trying to injure you, and I would save you from him."

The girl breathed a deep sigh of relief, and the trembling agitation which had been upon her rapidly disappeared; nay, she even smiled after a second, for her woman's instinct taught her in an instant the cause of the excitement and nervousness of the man who still held her.

"And saving me from him is the sole reason for your stopping me so roughly, is it?" asked the girl, who was now by far the most cool and self-possessed of the two.

"Yes—no; no, it was not—but how can I tell you? I—I—love you. I have struggled against it, but it overmasters me. I love you, and am your slave."

In his agitation, he loosened his hold on her arm, and clasping his hands together in entreaty, seemed to wait like a culprit for her decision, or for some word of kindness or comfort.

Relieved of her unknown and hidden dread, the girl made no attempt to escape or to leave him; in fact, had the truth been told, I think the scene rather amused her, and that she was in her element.

always see you. I am haunted by your face; sleeping and waking you are ever with me. I think of you—sleep to dream of you; aye, you come between my soul and its Maker, even in my prayers."

"A saving of expense to a photographer," laughed the girl, carelessly. "Is it long since my impression was so stamped upon your memory?"

The cold, callous words cut him to the quick, like a knife playing with a tender wound, and he said, humbly enough, but with a tinge of deep bitterness in it—

"You may consider it a jest, but it is real and terrible enough to me."

"Is it? You had better tell me what you want quickly; it is frightfully cold standing here, and I must go."

"Not yet; but let us walk about. No one will see or notice us such a dark night as this."

Florence silently acquiesced. Her feet were cold, and feeling frozen with the pause they had already made.

There was silence for a few seconds, which was broken by Beltram saying—

"I am told that Gresham, he cotton spin-

he had been noted, came now to resent the idea of this girl, of unknown origin and humble life, even thinking of being raised to his level.

No use trying to beat about the bush, however.

The girl was determined to look upon it in a clear, practical light; to know exactly what he intended—a circumstance which made his position all the more difficult, since he had tried to ignore and hide his intentions even from himself.

The downhill path from virtue to vice is such a very steep one, and the descent once begun so rapid, that one can scarcely be surprised at Sidney Beltram standing for a moment bewildered and dumbfounded at the question thus propounded to him.

"I will devote my life to you," he said, in a hoarse, rapid tone. "We will fly away from this place. We will be the whole world to each other, and my love shall shield you from every grief and pain. Say, will you come?"

And he held out his arms imploringly.

"You do well to evade my question," she said, with a low, scornful laugh.

"What a saint you are, too," she continued, mockingly. "You would take me from a possible to a certain evil. Thank you, I would rather be my own guide; and, at least, Frank Gresham could do no worse."

"But I love you; oh, I love you," moaned the poor wretch, struggling between passion and pride.

His pleading seemed to irritate her almost to fierceness, and she turned savagely upon him.

"Don't talk such absurdities to me! Love me, and offer me disgrace, and the lot of an outcast. Why, if I loved you—if I were as mad and insane as you seem to be, you could offer me nothing worse. I can fling myself away if I am disposed to do so any day, but, rest assured, it will never be on you. And now, never dare to speak to me again, or I will expose you."

Beltram tried to answer, but she had turned and fled homewards, leaving him alone in the dark road with a fiend, fiercer than any that had yet taken possession of him, raging in his heart.

"She scorns me," he hissed, his face lighting up with a sudden fury; "but I will humble her yet, and I will win her at any, at every sacrifice!"

He had spoken aloud, deeming himself alone, but he started as though a serpent had stung him, when a voice said:—

"Eigh, lad, but will thee?"

The shaft of a coal pit was near, separated from the lane by only a broken wall, and his conversation with the pretty mill girl had been overheard.

In a moment, terror succeeded to disappointment, and anger to every feeling, in fact, but the dread of exposure, and with the vain hope that he had not been recognised, he turned and ran, as though for his very life.

No steps pursued him, but a harsh, discordant, mocking laugh seemed to ring through the still night air. The mischief had been done, the listener knew where to find him, and his flight was as foolish as it was useless.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## ARRESTED.

It was Thursday night—Christmas Eve in fact, and William Bolton, having returned from work, had washed, changed his working clothes for a sort of second best suit, and returned to the kitchen to drink a mug of ale, and taste his mother's spice cake and cheese.

There was a gloomy restlessness upon the young man's dark, handsome face, which his mother noticed with secret dread.

She knew that it had its origin in the unfortunate tangle of circumstances that had come over his love affairs, but the origin and result may be very distinct, have indeed no connection one with the other; and she dreaded, not perhaps without cause, that her son might be hurried into some reckless daring act, that could never be undone or effaced.

He was a trifle more cheerful this evening than he had been for the last two or three days; perhaps he wished to make his mother believe that he was happy, so that she herself might have her brow and mind unclouded.

In any case, there was a change for the better, and his mother ventured to ask if he had seen Moll Arkshaw that day.

His face darkened, as he replied that he had



"MY LOVE SHALL SHIELD YOU," SAY, "WILL YOU COME?" SAID BELTRAM.

I don't think I ever gave you the idea of her being a good woman, or one overburdened with any excess of feeling, especially of feeling for another.

Nay, more than this, there was an element of cruelty in her nature which delighted in wounding another and inflicting pain.

On the present occasion she felt uncommonly like a cat with a mouse, which she allows to escape, then pounces upon; and having given it a shake, and allowed it to feel the keen edge of her teeth, once more puts it down in supposed weariness or freedom, only to spring upon it again directly it shows strength and vitality enough to move.

It was not the first time by a good many that a human heart, with all its hopes, fears, passions, capacity for good or evil, had been her sport, amused her at time which would otherwise have been dull and tedious, and this was all the store or importance she set upon what others would have given their very lives for.

But how is it, you may ask, that thus endowed with the most fatal and powerful gift by which a woman may attain any worldly position, we find her here, working like the merest slave for her daily bread?

I cannot answer that question now, but I will before my tale is ended.

It was the secret of her life.

Secrecy and sin but too often go together, and where one is, we are pretty sure to find the other.

Meanwhile, we are leaving her standing in the dark lane this cold, December night, with the flakes of pure white snow falling upon her, emblem of what she had once been, but no longer is.

And Sidney Beltram, the son of an earl, a priest who had sworn himself in heart, stands there by her side, shivering, shrinking, yet heedless of the cold and darkness around in the pangs of the terrible passion that consumed him.

"You love me!" repeated the girl, in a low soft tone. "How can you love me when you have not spoken to—scarcely seen me before?"

"I have seen you many and many a time, I

ner, at whose mill you work, seeks your company; is it true?"

"I know no reason for answering your question," replied the girl, haughtily. "You are not Mr. Gresham's keeper, I suppose, any more than you are mine."

"You are mistaken. I do not ask from curiosity, or from a feeling or wish to dictate, but because I would be your friend and help you."

"You are very kind, I am sure," but the tone, rather than the words, held a sneer in them.

"Let me see; it is your sister that Mr. Gresham is engaged to marry, is it not?" she added, in the same half-mocking strain.

"She was engaged to him, but that is broken."

"Broken? The engagement ended?"

"Yes."

"When was this?"

"Last night; to-day, rather. But do not misunderstand me. It is not to win him back again. I was averse to the engagement from the very first; but it is to save you that my sister entreated me to see you."

"Oh, your sister sent you?"

"Yes."

"And did she tell you to supplement your caution with the assurance of your devotion?"

"You are mocking me, but I deserve it—I who have forgotten all—violated my conscience—forsaken all that I have held sacred. Yes, I deserve it."

He seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to her, and the darkness was too dense for him to notice the smile of derision and triumph that lighted up her dangerously beautiful face.

At length she said—

"You wish to save me from Mr. Gresham, but for what? You say you love me. Is your love better, stronger, more self-sacrificing than his?"

The young man did not answer.

Low as his pride was brought down, much as his passion had seemed to conquer him, it had not yet driven him to the desperate resolve of marrying the girl before him.

All the pride of birth and family for which



not, but he added a minute after, that he would walk round there that evening.

Some friends and neighbors coming in now, interrupted the conversation.

Half an hour must have elapsed, and Bolton was just taking his hat from the peg upon which it hung, when a loud thundering rap sounded on the front door, and before any one could step forward to answer the summons, it was opened, and three policemen entered the room.

The start and shock of surprise was little more than momentary, and William Bolton stepped forward, asking—

"What dost thee mean by coming to this house? Thee's made a mistake."

"That's for us to see," replied the inspector, firmly. "William Bolton, I arrest you in the queen's name. Men, do your duty."

"Arrest me!" repeated Bolton, aghast; "for what and why?"

"You'll know that soon enough, lad," was the reply. "Wilt thee come w/out a fight, or must we put the bracelets on thee?"

"I'll come if thee wants me," said the young man gloomily, and still looking very pale and trembling; "but it's a mistake. I'm innocent of whatever thee's again me, as thee'll find out one of these days."

"Well, I hopes thee'll prove it, lad," was the reply; "but we've got a warrant for ye, and one to search the house."

"Search the house!" screamed Mrs. Bolton. "What mon thee do that for, and take away my boy, too, a Christmas Eve? Whose work be it, tell me that?"

"It's for stealing his employer's property," said the inspector, roughly, and motioning to one of his men to guard the prisoner, he with the third officer, began to search the house in such a methodical manner, that it was evident that nothing, however small it might be, could escape them.

In the downstairs rooms the search was useless, but why prolong matters? They came at last to the prisoner's bedroom, and here, as may be supposed, their stay was longer, and their scrutiny more keen.

"Here, what's this?" said the inspector, feeling the side of a mattress which had evidently been ripped open, and then clumsily sewed up again.

A knife soon answered the question, for they were not men to wait long or patiently for any result they sought, and the next minute the mattress was cut open, and a hand thrust in among the straw.

Not uselessly, however, for a canvas bag was pulled out from its hiding place, and though tied up tightly, it was evident that it contained both gold and papers.

"Here, I guess we've got it all," said the principal policeman, when the mattress had been half emptied of the straw it had held, and nothing but this solitary bag had been found.

And satisfied that the search had been complete, the men descended to the room in which the young mechanic was sitting a prisoner in his own house.

A strange overwhelming depression had come over William Bolton, a doubt of everything, even of his own innocence, seemed to have fallen upon him.

He could not remember having committed a theft; he had no motive for it; had no desire for, and felt no inclination to covet another man's wealth, but everything had seemed so vague and unreliable of late, such a mystery seemed to surround everything, circumstances were so much against him, and the bag, whatever its contents might be, had evidently not got there without hands. All this combined to incline him to believe that, even without knowing it, he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged.

Yet it seemed incredible that he could have done it, and yet have no thought or recollection of the merest shadow of a circumstance left upon his mind to convince him.

It was not as though he could have done it in his sleep, or when under the influence of any drink, for this it seemed was incompatible with the evidence; but the mere thought and horror of his position stunned and frightened—almost paralyzed him; while the neighbors who had been in the house looked on and thought him guilty, as they whispered among themselves that he would never have shrunk and cowed so when arrested, had he been innocent.

As for his poor mother, she raved, prayed and wept by turns, entreating her son to resist the arrest, and try to escape, calling upon him to declare his innocence, if only to satisfy her; and finding that she could make no impression upon him, she went off into a fit of violent hysterics, in which condition the rest of the policemen found her, when they returned to the kitchen from their search.

"Come, we must go," said the officer, in a stern voice to the prisoner. "I'm sorry for thee; I'd hoped yo' was innocent. Come along, mon, I can't abide screeching women, specially when they've got cause to screech, as that poor thing has."

The men cast glances of compassion upon the sorrowing mother, but they argued the worst, the very worst, from the son's silent, sullen manner, and signifying their readiness, they walked off, leaving the wondering neighbors and the half-frantic mother behind.

It was over at last, and William Bolton, the handsome mechanic, the man whom many a pretty girl had cast warm and lingering glances upon, was locked up in prison.

Not exactly the place where one would like to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, I must admit, but necessity knows no law, and William Bolton was thrust into his dark cell;

damp, cold, comfortless, so unlike his warm, bright home, and there left to chew the bitter cud of memory, and wonder, like a man groping in a dream, what it all meant, what it was all about.

He had been so stunned and overwhelmed by the agony of this past week, culminating in this strange and singular charge, that it deadened his perceptions and feelings to such an extent that he was scarcely conscious of what was taking place around him.

The same feeling was upon him now; it seemed for the moment that his brain was affected, that trouble had scared away his wits, for even the most guilty would have made greater cries of innocence and found more fault with the wretched accommodation afforded him.

But he took it all, as I have said, like a man under the influence of a nightmare, walking in his sleep, till the gaoler looked up in astonishment at having such a silent prisoner.

And thus the night closed in.

A weeping, frantic mother at home, weeping over what seemed the unutterable ruin and disgrace of her only son, refusing to be comforted, since she did believe, try to extenuate the crime as she would, that he was guilty.

What madness possessed him she could not tell, but she had not even the faith in his innocence to support her.

And thus the eve of the Nativity deepened and darkened.

The morning broke cold, chill and comfortless, and the prisoner slept a heavy, dreamless sleep, scarcely the sleep of the guilty; and was only aroused to a sense of his situation by the entrance of the gaoler with his breakfast.

"I—where am I?" he asked, with a bewildered stare.

Then glancing around, the whole scene of the past night seemed to come upon him with vivid distinctness.

But the spell which had bound his senses was gone.

The conviction that he was the victim of some devilish plot rushed upon him with irresistible force.

He was the victim of some vile conspiracy, hatched up to ruin him and get him out of the way.

Coming slowly upon him as this certainty did, it failed to produce that excitement and indignation which the sense of wrong and injustice so often induces; indeed, the effect of the first crushing depression had not worn off, and convinced that nothing was to be gained by a simple assertion of his innocence, he began to try to unweave the dark web that surrounded him, and to try to detect whose hand and brain had woven it.

In vain, however.

How should he guess that he had incurred the cotton-spinner's hatred, and that the passion which, balked of its object, seemed to have clouded the brightness of his life, was also the origin of his present trial and position.

Knowing nothing of the mill-owner's love for Florence, unconscious that his unlucky visit, when he had avowed the state of his heart, only to be lectured, scorned and refused, had been observed or excited the demon of jealousy in the spinner's breast, he searched about in every direction for a cause or an enemy, but in vain.

Circumstances were so thoroughly against him too.

He had been working at Gresham's mill that very week, mending the machinery, had even been in the counting-house on business, and the bag of gold, notes, and papers missing from there had been found in his own bed, sewn up there to hide them.

But how they came there, whose brain had devised the plot and whose hand had executed it was far more than he could guess or even suspect.

A singular calm, strange under the circumstances, came over him.

The wild passion for the beautiful stranger which had clouded and bid fair to darken his life, seemed for the time dead.

It was not dead, however; better for him that it had been so, but now, in the first outburst of his misery, his first thought for help—his mind went not to her, but to Moll Arkshaw.

"Does she believe me guilty? Does she suspect and desert me as my mother has done?" he asked himself again and again.

And except the neighboring church bells, ringing to announce the advent of another Christmas morning, no sound fell upon his ear; and the small white flakes of snow which he could see falling through his small barred window, for the snow had fallen almost without intermission during the whole week, and it promised to be what the poor laboring people called "a hard winter," no living, breathing or moving thing seemed near him.

But in his loneliness and desolation, deserted as it would seem by all on whom he had relied, by all who professed to love him or call him friend, his mind, try as it would to resist it, wandered off to Moll, to her true and unflinching love, and badly as he had deserved it, much as he had neglected and deceived her, it seemed as though, if she failed him—if she disbelieved in him, he should give up his life and future as ruined and lost.

And yet, what could poor Moll Arkshaw do, be she firm, steadfast and true as steel, for a man who, while believing in her, clinging to her, yet loves another better?

Loves that other with a passion that is like the burning, scorching lava, destroying all it falls upon, and burning out the very heart and soul of the miserable wretch that harbors it,

Does it seem strange and incredible to you that a man should love two women with such a widely different love, at one and the same time?

Strange it may be, impossible daily life proves it not to be, and the strangest, most improbable story is that which is true.

It was William Bolton's better, truer, nobler nature that turned to Moll, loved, esteemed and relied upon her! It was madness, delirium and insanity, but a disease too common in its form for us to doubt its existence, that chained him, whether he would or not, to the feet of Florence Carr, and held him there, bound and a slave.

But the morning creeps on, cold, chill and desolate. Never in its flight had time seemed so slow to him as it did now.

A Bible lay before him, but he could not read it. His mind, in its present state, could not receive or appreciate the divine messages the volume contained. Solitude and grief were already telling upon him.

He felt that a few hours of it would be too much for his nerves, cause him to break down into sobs, like a woman, and he longed as he had never longed before for the sight of one kind familiar face.

His mother, friends, anyone; but they all, to his morbid mind, appeared to have forsaken him, and he threw himself down upon his miserable bed and groaned aloud.

Only for a few seconds, however, for the key turned in the lock of the door, and the gaoler entered, saying—

"Here's a young woman to see thee, lad?"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PERFECT LOVE.

Moll Arkshaw was one of those genuine, true-hearted women, whose true value in the world may never be thoroughly appreciated, but whose gentle deeds of unselfish love and devotion leave their impress upon the hearts, minds and characters of all with whom they come in contact.

We have seen how she gave a home, shelter, and employment to a wandering, helpless girl, whose only claim to it seemed her utter, hopeless destitution.

Few would have done this.

Still fewer would have taken that stranger to their hearts, warmed, fed, clothed her; treated her as a sister; believed all she chose to tell of her history; and never wounded the outcast even by a curious question.

You may say that she lacked prudence, wisdom; that her generosity was misplaced, and amounted to folly.

She did not think so when she knew all; neither do I; and, with all her faults—and Heaven knows they were numerous and dark enough—Florence Carr had sufficient goodness still left in her heart to be capable of gratitude to the woman who had befriended her.

When a woman of Moll Arkshaw's stamp loves, she loves with all her heart.

There is no reservation.

No doubt it is a free will offering, complete and entire.

She had shed many more tears since the night of the ball, at Willie's seeming neglect—and worse than simple tears; she had endured sleepless nights, and a dull aching pain in her heart, that told of a void which only one earthly object could fill.

And she had waited, and hoped, and prayed that he would come, and still he never came, and the pain in her heart grew worse and worse as the hours and days went on.

It was Thursday night now—Christmas Eve. She had not seen him since Sunday.

He had not been to her house since the night of that miserable ball.

What could be the cause of his absence?

She asked her companion and herself the same question a hundred times a day at least. But all in vain.

No solution to the enigma came.

Being Christmas Eve, there were naturally more purchases to make than on ordinary occasions, and, as Florence always shirked anything like marketing, and showed her utter incapacity for the work whenever she did attempt the duty of providing for the small household, Moll prepared to go out this evening with her basket on her arm alone.

"Thee'rt quite sure thee'd rather not come?" she asked, with something like doubt in her tone, for to her mind marketing was one of the real enjoyments of life.

"Quite sure, thank you, dear," was the reply. "You know I dislike a crowd, and the shouts and noise of the people selling their wares quite gives me the headache."

"Well, if Willie comes, thee'll keep him here till I come whoam."

"Yes, of course I will; but you won't be long?"

"No; but if he comes, thee'll keep him?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. I should think he will be sure to come to-night."

"Aye, I hope so. I've not seen him since Sunday."

"No; but I darsay he is very busy. You know he was working overtime. No doubt he will come to-night or to-morrow, for certain. Why don't you go and call upon his mother? As you were there by her invitation on Sunday, you could do so very well."

But Moll shook her head decisively.

"No; she shall no say I come courting the lad. She's a bit proud, too, and looks down on me because I work at the mill. If Willie Bolme cares for me, he'll come w/out fetching, and

if he don't, what's the use o' trying to make him?"

"Perhaps you are right; but don't be long, Moll. Very likely he'll be here before you return."

Moll said she would soon return, and stated what she thought of buying for dinner next day, and after a few more minutes spent in this manner, she departed.

"What a fool that fellow is!" muttered the girl left at home, after the door had closed upon her companion. "I told him I'd have nothing to do with him; that it was his duty to marry Moll, and he shall do it—I am determined. She is the only creature that was ever kind to me without having some selfish purpose and aim in view, and I'll be true to her, the only being I have ever been true to yet, myself included. But it would be unlucky. I should fall if I cut every bridge behind me. Besides, I am not all bad, and I will be good to her—yes, I will."

She repeated her determination again and again, as though to strengthen herself in her novel purpose, and then she fell into a long reverie, as she was very apt to do when alone.

A reverie that could scarcely have been pleasant, if one might judge from the look of pain and terror that crossed her face, and the shudder that every now and again convulsed her frame.

(To be continued.)

## CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

There's never a day so sunny

But a little cloud appears;

There's never a life so happy

But has had its time of tears;

Yet the sun shines out the brighter

When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing

With roses in every plot;

There's never a heart so hardened

But it has one tender spot;

We have only to prune the border

To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant

But has bitter with the sweet;

There's never a path so rugged

That bears not the print of feet;

And we have a Helper promised

For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises

But we know 'twill set at night;

The tints that gleam in the morning

At evening are just as bright;

And the hour that is the sweetest

Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy

But the waking makes us sad;

There's never a dream of sorrow

But the waking makes us glad;

We shall look some day with wonder

At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow

But the entrance is made straight;

There's always a guide to point us

To the "little wicket gate;"

And the angels will be nearer

To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty

But will some day bow and kneel;

There's never a heart so wounded

That the Saviour cannot heal;

There is many a lowly forehead

That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny

But a little cloud appears;

There's never a life so happy

But has had its time of tears;

Yet the sun shines out the brighter

When the stormy tempest clears.

## A NOVEL SPOILED.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

The heroine was not beautiful, to begin with, not queenly, nor in any wise remarkable. She was just a plump, winsome little maiden, and she stood at the garden gate, that moonlit Sunday evening, with an air the very reverse of stateliness and composure, pulling leaves from the rose-bush near by with nervous, fluttering fingers that did not even know when the thorns pricked them. Outside the gate was a tall figure, a face bronzed and bearded, and a low voice uttering words half pleading, half resentful. There was a moment's pause, then the voice questioned, with a dash of bitterness—

"Shall I go, Maggie?"

"Just as you please, Mr. Clifford," whereupon the questioner turned suddenly about and strode rapidly down the country road, crushing the glittering sand under his feet, while Maggie sped into the house, up to her room, and bolted her door as if afraid of being pursued. She peeped through a window, from behind the curtain, until the lonely pedestrian on the quiet road had vanished from sight; then she asked herself that "if Tom chose to act so—so—she



didn't care!" and proved her utter indifference by burying her face in her pillow with a burst of sobs, and entire forgetfulness of the pangs in her pretty hat.

They had quarrelled about nothing,—at least she couldn't remember what it began with,—but, of course, it was all over between them now, and he would go away as he had said. She wondered, as she lay with her flushed, tearful face turned toward the stars, how it would seem to die that night, and go away from it all. Wouldn't somebody be sorry then? She almost wished she could do it,—not quite, because one doesn't like to stop in the middle of a story, even if it is one's own; and, beside, what good would his remorse do her if she never could know anything about it?

Tom, on his homeward walk, discoursed furiously to himself upon the fickleness and perversity of all woman-kind. "Not one of the whole race worth breaking a fellow's heart for," he remarked savagely, though with a queer little quiver about his lips the while. One thing was certain, he would not stay moping there. The world was wide, and there was nothing now to hold him back. He would resign his place in the village store, and join the party for Arizona. Yes, he would take the first morning train for the city, and tell Colter he would go; there was fortunately time enough for that yet, and if it left brief space for preparation, so much the better. He should not wait for people to change their opinion, he thought, fancying that by "people" he meant Miss Maggie, but, in reality, fearing more a faltering of purpose in a nearer party.

Let the Sunday night be what it may, Monday morning follows it all the same. Maggie was glad that it was Monday morning, since it left her at liberty to sit with her sewing in a quiet corner by a window, unquestioned and undisturbed, while busy aunt Polly, who would allow no inexperienced fingers to intermeddle in her washing, and lame aunt Becky, who always would stay where Polly was, were in the kitchen adjoining. No ordinary kitchen was this, steaming, soapy and disconsolate, but a large, pleasant, tidy room, where aunt Becky could enjoy her arm-chair and her knitting together with aunt Polly's discourse. The latter lady was unusually talkative on wash-day. Possibly being surrounded by tubs and piles of linen suggested, vaguely, a pulpit or speaker's stand, or perhaps, having had all Sunday to think in, her opinions needed shaking out and smoothing before they were laid away for the week. At any rate, Miss Polly had a way of doing up the world and her washing together.

"Most through, Polly?" questioned Miss Becky, as she always did every half-hour.

"Can't say I am," responded Miss Polly with a snap that shook out a pair of wet hose and her words at the same time; "not unless I view my washin' the same way these new style poets do the robe of righteousness, and think a mighty little is the whole on't. One clean stockin' is enough 'cordin' to them. No matter how much mud a body has gone into, so he's managed to keep one foot out! I don't b'lieve no such!"

"Why, of course; to be sure!" admitted Miss Becky, with mild indefiniteness.

"Curious what kinds of folks this world does hold, anyhow!" pursued Miss Polly, gazing meditatively into the depths of her tub. "There's them that has health on the brain, now—not that their brains is so particular healthy neither, that I know of; but they're always a talkin' about it. You must do this, and you mustn't do t'other, for fear you'll spile your constitution and all your by-laws. Some of 'em says it's a sin to be sick. 'Pears to me, if that's so, the sicker you get the wickeder you must be, and dyin' would seem fitter to send folks to the penitentiary than to heaven. It makes things look considerable mixed."

"There's the railroad smash-ups, Polly," suggested Miss Becky, alleviatingly.

"Humph! Well, I should think there was. But everybody can't expect to get killed that way, though the companies offer 'great inducements,'" muttered Miss Polly.

"Say, Aunt Polly, can't I sail ships in your tub?" interposed a small voice; and a pair of blue eyes and a head of tangled yellow curls appeared in the doorway.

But Miss Polly was too busy to notice, even when the little navigator took silence for consent, and plunged into her rinse-water with his treasures. In this general straightening up of her mental pantry, she had just found another article to be labeled and put away.

"All sorts to make a world! I should think so! There's them reformin' women what go about lecturin' and wantin' laws fixed, and men to give 'em their rights. Landsakes! why don't they jest take their rights? If there's anything they want to do, and can do, why don't they stop talkin' and do it? Who's goin' to hinder 'em? They're just like Mrs. Jones when she wants to cross the fields where the cows are. She'll stand on the fence and 'shoo,' and swing her work-bag, and flap her parasol, and cry, 'Get out there!' when the critters are so busy eatin' grass that they never notice her no way, and she might cross a dozen times if she'd a mind to."

"And me too; yes, I think so," observed Miss Becky, counting her stitches.

"But then I don't say some folks haven't as good a right to vote as anybody, and more too, for all I know, if they be women," pursued Miss Polly, frisking around to the other side of her tub, and surveying the suds from that point. "Puts me clear out of patience to hear all this talk about its spilin' women,—'sif we was a lot of eggs that must be kept cool and not be shook

up much,—and callin' us 'ministerin' angels' all the time. Do I look much like an angel, Becky Murray?"

The resemblance was not very striking as she stood there with her sleeves rolled up, her bare arms akimbo, a wet check apron pinned about her, and her nose decorated with a streak of blueing. Conscientious Miss Becky surveyed the stout form rather doubtfully.

"Well—to be sure! That is, you're as good as the most, Polly—better'n most, Polly; but then there's the wings and things; they'd make—well, I must say for't, considerable difference, I do s'pose!" she admitted hesitatingly.

"Guess you'll get wings sometime, Aunt Polly. Wish I had some now," reflected Billy, with a plashing of his hands in the water that at once recalled Miss Polly to matters terrestrial.

"Mercy! what is the young one up to now? Got my best spice-box for a boat, and punched a hole clear through the bottom of it to stick a mast in, as sure as I'm alive!"

"Well, Maggie wouldn't tell me stories, an' my top's broke, an' I didn't know nothin' else to do," affirmed Billy, defensively.

"Nothin' else? Well, it's lucky you didn't, for it would like as anyway have been something worse instead of better! There, there, child!" with a softening light in her eye whereby the angel in her flashed into sight for an instant, "all the splashin' in the world can't make an ocean in a wash-tub; older folks than you have tried it. Run out in the yard and play, there's a good boy."

The June sunshine fell soft and bright upon the quaint, homely old garden, and Billy was quite reconciled to his banishment the moment he caught the rustle of the lilac leaves, and met the familiar nodding of the tall, good-natured sunflowers. He seated himself on the grass, dug his bare toes into the warm earth of a poppy-bed, and leaning his small elbows upon the patched knees of his small trousers, settled his round chin between his palms, and dropped into a fit of childish meditation. With no past to remember, no cares to make anxious, and small knowledge of possibilities to curb him, his dreams and plans had a wild free range; and he had quite decided where he would go when he came into possession of his coveted wings, besides selecting a particularly soft fleecy cloud, in the far-off blue, to serve as his bed at night, "after it got too dark to fly," when a voice interrupted him.

"Why don't you play with me, Billy Murray?" A little blue dress was crushed against the fence, a pair of tiny hands grasped the pickets, and from under a white sun-bonnet merry brown eyes gazed at Billy.

"Cause—I guess—I'm thinkin' what I'll do," he responded with slow gravity, neither disturbed nor astonished by her sudden presence.

"What you'll do when you're big? I know all that now, and I guess I won't wait to grow either!" rattled the little damsel, her nimble tongue crowding in the words so thick and fast that she contrived to utter a dozen in the time Billy would have required for one.

"What?" asked Billy slowly, but with an awakening gleam of curiosity.

"Keep a toll-gate—that's what. I know all about 'em, for me and papa rode through in a carriage, and I did see it my own self. You have a gate clear across the road, so folks can't get through, and then they pay you to open it; and you don't have anything to do but just live in a nice funny little house, and get lots of money."

Billy's blue eyes brightened. Down from his airy heights, at the prospect of gaining earth's shining dust, he came as readily as though he had been older.

"I guess I'll do that, too," he announced.

"Long of me?"

"Yes," said Billy, accepting the partnership as condescendingly as though the patent-right for the invention had not belonged to the other party.

"Well, let's do it now," proposed the vivacious small lady, anxious to be making her fortune at once. I guess lots of folks go 'long the road down by the end of the lane, and if we have it there then they'll have to pay us."

"Yes," said Billy once more, and lifting the latch of the gate, he slipped out.

Maggie had ears for nothing that morning but a footstep that did not come, and Aunt Polly was too busy in looking after the whole of creation to pay any special attention to her own small corner of it; so there was nobody to observe the new firm, as they trudged off to seek a favorable locality for their enterprise. It was no long search, however, since the road at the end of the lane was the only one they knew anything about; moreover it was narrow, and well suited to their purpose in that way.

"I don't know how we'll stop it up, though," Billy remarked, surveying it doubtfully. But Carrie was fertile in expedients. Her quick eyes rested upon an old unused cart standing a little distance up the lane, and she proposed that they should draw that down across the road, to begin with. It was hard work, with all their united strength and most vigorous efforts, but they persevered until the task was accomplished.

"I thought it was big enough to reach ever so far, and it don't," said Carrie, disappointedly. "Anybody could just go round the side of it if they wanted to, and never pay a cent."

Billy expressed a valiant determination to "knock any feller down that tried it," but Carrie was unsatisfied. Presently a pile of bean-poles in a neighboring lot suggested an idea of relief, and the children, in high spirits, once more proceeded to appropriate them. They

could carry but one at once, but gradually they piled them up, with one end upon the fence and the other resting upon the cart, quite forgetting, in their zeal for a thorough barricade, to make any arrangement for opening their gate when the required toll should be paid. It was slow, toilsome building; but the two little faces, though flushed and perspiring, were also triumphant as they gazed upon the completed structure, with its last pole standing nearly upright against the cart. Partly for coolness to herself, partly by way of ornament to the edifice, Carrie removed her sun-bonnet from her head and hung it upon this highest point.

"Bet nobody can't get through that!" exclaimed Billy pantingly. "How much do you s'pose we'll make?"

"Dollar, may be," replied the sanguine Carrie, her eyes glowing round with the stupendous prospect. "I'm too tired to build any little house to live in to-day; let's stay out-doors."

Out of doors was very pleasant. They sat down on the soft grass that edged the road, and curled the long stems of dandelion while they waited for their fortune to come; growing so interested in their occupation at last, that they had almost forgotten that they were waiting for anything, when a horse and rider came dashing down the road, and Tom Clifford, with barely time to reach the village in season for the city-bound train, rode full upon the barricade. For a gloomy and desperate suitor, bent upon rushing to the ends of the earth, to be stayed in his course by an old cart loaded with bean-poles was certainly exasperating. Nevertheless he could not go on; and as the two beaming and satisfied young faces peered out at him, he demanded in vexed astonishment:

"What on earth have you got here?"

"We're a toll-gate," explained Miss Carrie, with dignity. "Me and Billy made it, and we'll let you through if—"

But the statement of terms was cut short. The horse at that moment espied the fluttering white sun-bonnet, and seizing so favorable an opportunity to be frightened, sprang suddenly to one side, flung his unsuspecting rider to the ground, and sped away up the road again. Tom rolled over and sat up in a bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes, and looked after his retreating steed with a long whistle.

"Well! it isn't likely anything will stop him now until he gets home, so I might as well stay and pull this thing down. What possessed you two youngsters?"—and there Tom paused, laughed, and grew more like his good-natured self than he had been for twenty-four hours. The defiant, indignant, disappointed expression of those little dirty faces was irresistible. Carrie protested stoutly when the strong hand began to demolish her work; but Tom persuaded and explained, and the final promise of a ride in the cart, when he rolled it back up the lane, effected a satisfactory capitulation.

The "toll-gate" disposed of, Tom's next move was to follow his horse, and he speedily discovered that the wise animal had not taken the trouble to go home, but had stopped nearer by, at a place where he had frequently been allowed to make himself quite at home. He had been recognized at once; and saddled, bridled, but riderless, awakened suspicions of evil. The trio of women had gathered about him in the yard,—aunt Polly with hands dripping from the suds, aunt Becky leaning upon her crutch, and Maggie pale and trembling,—when Tom arrived upon the scene. Since he was prevented from making a journey to far-off lands, and leaving long chapters for misunderstandings, suspense and adventures, he should, according to all precedent, have broken a limb in falling from his horse, so that he could have been carried into the house, and have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, delicious convalescence—a mixture of roses and cream-toast. But he had a boyish propensity for falling right side up, and there was nothing at all the matter except a rent in his coat. Aunt Polly noticed the torn garment before his brief explanation was ended, and in the kindness of her heart insisted that it should come in for repairs. "She was washing, to be sure, and Becky was no great hand with any needle but knitting needles, but Maggie could do it slick as you please." The owner assented with alacrity. "It did look rather badly to wear through the village—if it wouldn't be too much trouble to just put a stitch in it."

He watched the color come back into the face bent so steadily over that piece of darning; watched the white fingers busy with their task, and remarked significantly:

"What a talent you have for making things right again."

"After other people have made them crooked," added Maggie, promptly.

"I don't think those threads will show that they were ever separated."

Maggie vouchsafed no reply to that, and he looked on in silence a few minutes longer.

"There! the breach is nearly healed."

"Quite," she said, clipping her thread.

"Is it?" he asked so suddenly that she looked up, and then his eyes would have an answer, and she couldn't keep her heart out of hers.

So that was the end of it—a long story cut short in the most commonplace way.

And Polly absolutely left the world at large to take care of itself for several successive wash-days while she planned Maggie's outfit. Tom never went to Arizona at all, but kept his place in the village store, and goes home to a cozy little nest at night, where Maggie meets him at the door and receives a double entrance-fee, because he says he shall owe that to all toll-gates his life through. And Maggie thinks, with a throb of

thankfulness, how well it is that a tenderer hand than our own willful ones guides our destinies. Yes, they are simple souls and better satisfied with their humdrum happiness than with the most poetic misery; but, alas for their biographer and the ruined volume!

# THE PRETTY MAN.

There are men in every country who pass their lives in adorning themselves, and Beau-Nicholas-like, have no other thought than their person. Their life is epitomized in these phrases:—"I am very good-looking—my clothes fit—the cut of my coat is the last fashion—my hat is the latest shape, and the lily of the valley and rosebud at my button-hole cost 2s. 6d.; I am a client of Truefit's, and when I walk in Regent Street or Piccadilly, or the Boulevards, or on Broadway, the girls admire my beauty." Such fellows are the empty-headed fools of every society, and their opinions on all questions are based on looks. The looks of a "pretty man" need not be described. He is, in the eyes of sensible women, a horrible nuisance. With a total absence of intellect, he attracts around him his equals. She who flatters best—she who loves the *fadesces* of his mighty person is the *bella adorata*. You may know his vocabulary of phrases on a very short acquaintance. "What do you think of that fellow, So-and-So? Have you seen the fit of his coat? What pants! I wonder who is his hatter? 'pon my word he is the ugliest wretch I ever saw." Looks and nothing else. A pretty girl with little brains fell in love with a fop Adonis of this class; she was demonstrative, as all of her kind are on first impressions; and under the mistletoe, a little fight for a kiss—a fight so stiff, so clumsy on his part, for he was afraid to derange his toilet; the merry girl, in making a screen of her fair arm, ruffled the cosmetic on his sandy moustache—the cause of a rupture, for Beau Nicholas could not forgive the derangement of his moustache. There are "pretty men" in many classes, amongst the rich, the possessors of £300 a year, and the *chevaliers d'industrie*. He is almost always the show-horse of woman, uneducated and spoony; he looks effeminate, has always soft white hands, walks little, with a kind of skip; never dances, but *poses*, or "make shapes," as they say in America. And the looking-glass is the *ne plus ultra* of pictures for him, and sums up all the painters. "There is nothing in the Academy like that head reflected there!" There are many fine men, fine fellows, but they do not know it. The manly soldier, the bold traveller, the clever engineer, the spirited lawyer, often the best looking of men, do not know it, and do not look it—intelligence, a refined education, impart so much modesty to our best men. See the chariot of that Goddess of Folly—it is surrounded by "pretty men," the Messrs. Nancy, the swells of the period. It seems as if our age were productive of these silly insipids, so few manly fellows does one see nowadays. The greatest men of all countries are generally not good-looking to the eye; but look attentively, every line of that face tells a tale; see the size of the head and brains. Go to the Capitol in Washington—examine the heads of the members. I did not see a "pretty man" among them. The assembly which in my mind recalled most the heroes of ancient Rome, for size and intellect, were certainly found in the Senate Chamber. Away with these effeminate idols of the period! let such "men" be set apart; let the rich swell sit at the bow-window at White's, or at the one in Fifth Avenue, or at the Cercle in Paris; let the pretty fools turn the heads of the girls of the period—all hollow inside, all "gold" outside—let the fine intellectual maidens avoid men that are only fit to adorn themselves, and show off only in guiding their high-stepping horses, or pampering their self-conceit. All worldliness, all show. Yet, if women were to avoid all such men, society would have a healthier tone. Many pretty men have, however, large ambition in the great struggle for the happy event of life—marriage. No tales out of school. Many a pretty man is not quite idle. You find some in Government offices, trimming their rose nails from ten a.m. to four p.m. I feel indiscreet to-day; is it my hate of pretty men? Many have remained bachelors; they never can find the heiress, so longed for, that is to fall in love with these lovely locks! Too bad! After having paid so much money to the Société Matrimoniale, where it is said you can find "a match" fully insured against losses, but not against misery! No, no; the world is wide enough for all. Let the vain, pretty man be. It will only set forth the real—bring to the front the truly fine fellows—the manly ones—the labourers of intellect.—*Cosmopolitan*.

In *The Rise of Great Families* Sir Bernard points out a new woman's grievance. Originally ladies were eligible to become members of the Order of the Garter. Henry the Eighth decreed that they should no longer enjoy this privilege. Charles the First and George the Second proposed to restore the old arrangement, but the project in both cases was never executed. After they shall have obtained the parliamentary franchise women may agitate for the restoration of their ancient right to have the Garter bestowed upon the wealthy and well-born of their sex. Mrs. Lionel Strauss, of Carlisle, has received from the Emperor of Germany the Cross of Merit for Maids and Matrons. That is the order the ladies should be satisfied with,



For the Favorite.

TIME.

BY W. O. FARMER.

Time, Time, is the victor of victors, whose sway  
Creation and creature alike must obey!  
At his touch, stricken Nature convulsively  
thrills—  
Hills merge into meadows—meads swell into  
hills!  
Rivers, majestic, roll grandly along  
Where stood cities famous in story and song,  
While the glories of man's boasted triumphs in  
art,  
Like poor man himself are decreed to depart!

How happy to-day is the youth in his teens—  
His spirits, how buoyant—how pleasing his  
dreams!  
How charming the visions that ravish his  
sight,  
And make life a sunbeam, unclouded and  
bright!  
His heart—like the Eden of Eve, ere the breath  
Of sin changed its flow'rets to rank weeds of  
death—  
Is graced by sweet flowers, whose perfumes  
combined  
Incense the Altar where Virtue's enshrined!

Here Hope—Hope, first offspring of Heaven's  
fond care,  
And man's best Companion—blooms lovely  
and fair—  
Depicting his future in colors that glow  
Too brightly, alas! for this dark vale of wo.  
Here also does Innocence—bright, priceless gem,  
That only the *roué* affects to condemn—  
Find a congenial and peaceful retreat  
Secure from a base world's wiles and deceit!

The *belle* in her beauty is courted by all—  
Before her, in homage, fond worshippers fall!  
Peerless, unrivalled, she reigns queen of hearts,  
Fresh conquests awaiting each glance that she  
darts.  
In her eyes all the lustre of Hesperus dwells—  
Her voice, for its softness, a siren's excels!  
Her brow, when she blushes, enchantingly  
shows  
The lily just faintly reflecting the rose!  
While the rapturous swell of her bust's so  
divine,  
Empires, would Anthonys, to claim it, resign!

But haste, if you can, from the sight of those  
charms  
To the red field of battle and clashing of arms,  
Where valorous spirits unflinchingly brave  
E'en death, for the laurels may crown but their  
grave!  
See, see, yon bold rider, by gesture and speech,  
Who gallantly cheers his men on to the breach!  
How dauntless his bearing and flashing his eye,  
As he spurs to the conflict where thousands  
must die!

Unmindful of all but his duty and fame,  
Around him, unheeded, war's fell missiles rain!  
The foremost for prowess, behold him the first  
To rush where the strife rages fiercest and  
worst!  
Like the lightning that rends the tempestuous  
skies,  
And marks where the terrible thunderbolt lies;  
Thus, thus, his quick sabre's flash trumpets his  
deeds,  
And shows where the soul of all bravery leads!

But, alas! for the hero, the stripling and maid,  
A morrow must dawn when their glories shall  
fade!  
When the bright sky of boyhood, so genial and  
warm,  
Shall lose half its brightness, o'ercast by the  
storm—  
His spirits, once joyous, be crushed by the strife  
And the cares that must later beset him in  
life;  
Reverses of fortune embitter his day,  
And thorns, not roses, grow up on his way!

When Time—still unsparing—shall knell, too,  
the doom  
That robs the fair maiden of freshness and  
bloom—  
Dims her eye's holy lustre and furrows her  
brow,  
And wrecks the lov'd form that enraptures us  
now!

When even the hero must bow to his will,  
And the voice of ambition within him be still—  
The eye that met Death's, without wincing, in  
fight—  
Whose glance cowed the boldest—be reft of its  
light!  
His age-palsied frame be infected with fear,  
And glory's call listlessly fall on his ear!  
His nerves be unstrung, and the warrior arm  
That triumphed in battles, hang helpless to  
harm!

And now for the moral: Bliss, youth, beauty,  
fame—  
All—all—except Heaven, are fleeting and vain!

For the Favorite.

"THAT YACHT."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,  
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Lillierap Dove owned, or rather was owned  
by, a yacht. She was the *bête noire* of his ex-  
istence, and he had about as much pleasure in  
her as a timid gentleman would have in the  
playful society of a royal Bengal tiger. When  
he went out in her he was sea-sick, and when  
he stayed at home he was heart-sick thinking  
of her. He couldn't get rid of her.

To have laid her down would have ruined him  
with his "set," and so the "Rosalinda" became  
the skeleton crowned with roses at the rich  
man's feast.

She was manned by three estimable gentle-  
men advanced in life, hoarse of throat, and in-  
flamed of countenance; who, instead of jolly  
tars, ought to have been highly successful  
astronomers, as some peculiarity in their diet—  
chiefly partaken of from tin pannikins, and in  
the nature of a liquid—enabled them by day or  
night to "see more stars" than Herschel or  
Copernicus. During such seasons of scientific  
pleasure on the part of his crew, Lillierap had  
gloomy hopes of something happening to the  
"Rosalinda," but except such trifles as her  
figure-head, (a correct likeness of a certain Miss  
Rosa Dainty) being knocked off by a steamer  
during a fog, and her canvas being tossed over-  
board as "rubbidge" by the Captain during a  
fit of scientific abstraction on his part, when he  
was also haunted by an unfortunate idea that  
his boots were let in tenements to a flourishing  
colony of rattlesnakes, nothing ever did happen,  
until—

Lillierap belonged to a yachting club, per-  
haps in Quebec, and then again perhaps not,  
but as the nautical philosophers who sailed the  
"Rosalinda" made the occasion of a race a  
period of rather premature rejoicing, on antici-  
pated triumph, with the aid of the tin pannikins,  
she generally came modestly in a couple of  
miles behind the "bad sixth," cheered ironi-  
cally by the small boys, while Lillierap, in full  
nautical costume, stood trying to look like a  
chance passenger, by no means connected with  
her, dismally conscious of Miss Rosa Dainty  
dimpling wickedly under a pink parasol, like  
Titania shadowed by a rose, and "cutting him  
up" to her friend the widow, Mrs. Honora Bus-  
terton, a queenly creature with a melting  
black eye, and a form like the beautiful  
"serpent of old Nilus," who, having "respected  
Busterton's memory" for twelve months in  
weeds and weepers, had arrived at resignation,  
black lace, and mauve silk in the thirteenth.  
Lillierap admired Mrs. Busterton, but he adored  
Rosa Dainty, and encouraged by Miss Silexa  
Pebbledash, the young lady's maiden aunt, paid  
her a vast amount of attention, and every week  
made an elaborate toilet, drank two glasses of  
champagne, and, with a rose in his button-hole,  
sallied forth to ascertain his fate, accompanied  
on such occasions as far as the door of Miss Peb-  
bledash's cottage ornée by his *fidus Achates*,  
Tom Coltsfoot, who was "his guide, philoso-  
pher, and friend," and usually walked about  
with a terrier pup in each coat-pocket, and was  
utterly obnoxious to maiden ladies of a certain  
age; and indeed, not without due reason, as  
from his earliest infancy, he had never been  
known to society but as "that rascal Tom  
Coltsfoot," or "that dreadful young Mr. Colts-  
foot," as the case might be. He shod sleek  
respectable cats, pertaining to prim maiden  
establishments, with walnut shells, to the mid-  
night fright of their owners. He seduced  
poodles from their houses of peace, and return-  
ed them to their distracted friends dyed to every  
color in the rainbow. He had assisted in six  
elopements, acting as "go-between" in the  
affairs, and had three boys and three girls chris-  
tened Thomas and Thomasina after him in  
grateful recognition of his aid. Naturally par-  
ents and guardians fought shy of him, and as  
naturally he had a train of admirers of whom  
Lillierap Dove was the chief.

"Now for it, Lilly, my boy," was always  
Tom's farewell, "snow pluck."

Lillierap Dove felt like a lion on the door  
step, he became tremulous on the mat, his  
forehead grew damp in the hall, and when the  
open drawing-room door revealed Miss Rosa  
Dainty in a white muslin and a wonderful  
friz of golden hair feeding Miss Pebbledash's  
parrot with sugar from her rosy lips, and she  
said, "Oh, Mr. Dove, how you startled me!" he  
seemed to be "making wheels" like the street  
gamins, and between the spiteful prods of  
Cupid and the two glasses of champagne his  
head felt like a cotton-mill, and his heart like  
a forty pounder.

One eventful day a crisis came. The pretty  
parlor-maid smirked as she flung open the door,  
and the little foot-page stood on his head in the  
shadow of the hall and addressing an invisible  
familiar murmured, "O my eye! won't he be a  
wearin' the willer."

A contemptuous St. Bernard, unfamiliar to  
Lillierap sniffed at his kid gaiters, and the parlor-  
maid flinging open the door announced, "Mr.  
Dove, if you please, mum."

Lillierap stood frozen on the threshold. Miss  
Pebbledash was there scowling and making up  
charity flannel. Miss Rosa was there smiling  
and blushing, and a young man with one arm,  
a great hooked nose, big blue eyes, and a red

mustache like twin comet tails was sitting on a  
divan talking in a big voice like a breeze from  
the Atlantic. He had red curly hair, and no  
sooner did his eyes fall upon Dove than he got  
up with a swagger.

"It's Dove," he cried, "as sure as I live."

"Corney Latouche," cried Lillierap delightfully,  
"where did you turn up from? and how are  
you, old fellow?"

"From Victor Emanuel's army, and I'm all  
right. Got the Cross of Honor and left my left  
arm behind me," said Corney looking delighted-  
ly at Lillierap whose head was on a level with  
his shoulder; "and how are you, old boy? Aunt  
Silexa never mentioned that she knew you, or  
Rosa either."

"You know I hadn't time, Corney," said Rosa,  
"besides I didn't know you knew Mr. Dove."

At school, Corney, a big boy of fifteen, on  
arriving at the scholastic shades of Dr. Leather-  
well's establishment for young gentlemen, (new  
milk and the guitar extra) had seized a mono-  
poly of "licking" Lillierap and allowed no  
other boy to interfere, for which "Coo," as that  
luckless boy was contemptuously called by his  
youthful friends, being a small, freckled and  
weak child, was properly grateful and made a  
kind of Sinking Fund of Corney for deposits of  
choice allies, quarters, taffy and all the other  
treasures of youth. A firm friendship was the  
result, but since Corney's removal from the  
Leatherwell Academy they had lost sight of  
each other until this meeting in Miss Pebble-  
dash's maiden bower, the nephew of which  
lady that graceless young soldier of fortune was.

Corney went home to Lillierap's chambers  
and told Tom Coltsfoot and his depressed host  
the history of his love troubles with Miss Rosa  
Dainty.

"The little darling is to be under the control  
of that old vampire until she's twenty-one, and  
she's trying to force her to marry some other  
fellow, regular milkop as well as I can make  
out," said Captain Corney.

"That's me," said Dove faintly.

"It's you, is it," said Corney, while Dove laid  
his head on the top of a Strasbourg pie, and felt  
that existence was a hollow mockery indeed.

Corney whistled, Tom Coltsfoot took a terrier-  
pup of matchless ugliness from his pocket and  
improved its mind with sniffs at the Cayenne  
pepper castor.

Dove looked up from the Strasbourg pie.

"Corney," he said tremulously, "would you  
be kind enough to take a look at my hair and  
tell me if it's turned."

"No, it's not, old fellow," said Corney, "there's  
a trifle of gray on the parting; but I say, don't  
take on about it all! Rosie knew me from a little  
chap, and, oh bother! show pluck, my boy."

"There's the Busterton, Dovey," remarked  
Tom Coltsfoot, putting the pup back into his  
pocket, "come, cheer up!"

Dove shook his head mournfully, but Honora  
Busterton was a very fine woman indeed, and  
after half-an-hour, Dove was quite ready to sing  
of Miss Rosa Dainty.

"If she be not fair for me?"

"What care I how fair she be?"

And in an hour, he had so far forgotten his  
tender troubles that, in the words of his land-  
lady Mrs. Dobbelmup, "when hearing a aw-  
ful racket which it were like a earthquake  
overhead, and knowing no good was ever in  
that there Coltsfoot nor in one armed Captings  
with red heads, and Mr. Dove being by nature  
which a spring lamb was a ramping lion to  
him, I looked in, which first I tied poor Dobb-  
elmup's great coat over my nightcap, and such a  
turn as I got! Mr. Dove had got two big carving  
knives which by nature meant they were for  
spiced rounds, crossed on the dining table, and  
was doing steps between them most beautiful  
but dangerous on account of unsteadiness in legs  
which whether of tables or single young gen-  
tlemen I will not go beyond me to say, while  
the one-armed Capting (which his afflictions  
ought to have taught him better,) was playing  
on the tongs and that Coltsfoot as I never could  
abear was a-roaring "Champagne Charlie" with  
bits of "The Last Rose of Summer" in between  
like patchwork, and not partickler which was  
which, owing to his eyes which were set that  
steady in his head as Dobbelmup's monument,  
granite with a willer and a pocket handkerchief  
sculpted most natural it could be no steadier.  
From the looks of things I seed that if they  
glimpsed me up at that hour it would come to  
stewed oysters or divilled drumsticks and so I  
shut the door soft and just, put my eye to the  
keyhole, having the feelings of a mother for Mr.  
Dove, and never minding draughts when prin-  
ciples is in question. Mr. Dove as is feeble in  
his constitution about the knees sad down sud-  
den on the table and got bad in his feelings  
about some young minx as they called Rosa, and  
the Capting and Mr. Coltsfoot tried to make  
him comfortable in his mind, and they all set  
to drinking healths. "Here's to the Busterton  
and Dove," cried that aggrawating Coltsfoot.  
"Here's to Corney and Rosa," cried Mr. Dove  
a-choking over it a little, "and here's to Miss  
Pebbledash and Professor Mastodon," cries the  
Capting, and then they took hands and sang,  
"For they are jolly good fellows," until Mr.  
Dove fell under the table and Coltsfoot and the  
Capting went home, and me with tears in my  
eyes, hiding behind the cloak-rack, being put so  
in mind of poor Dobbelmup by Mr. Dove in a  
heap under the table, that my feelings was too  
many for me and I felt obliged to slip in and  
drink the wine that was left, against my will I do  
assure you, but my principles is such as would  
not allow me to leave it there in case as Mr.  
Dove should waken up and wish for something  
stimulating, and he stimulated already to that  
extent that when I tried to rouse him to go to

bed says he in an awful voice from under the  
table:

"Leave me to die, my days is numbered, life is  
holler, woman is deceitful and 'we won't go home  
till morning, till day-light do appear,' nor not  
then if the moon's made of green cheese. Let  
me kis; you for your mother Mrs. Dobbelmup-  
im-up!"

"Which I was not a-going to abear, and me  
respecting the memory of Dobbelmup to the  
tune of seventy dollars and sixty-two cents for  
a monnymment which the verse on it goes:

"Sarah Ann Dobbelmup's husband lies here;  
"His name was Joseph, his end was bad beer.  
"He died in his fifty and seventh year.  
"Pitiful stranger! drop down a tear."

"So says I, 'You audacious young wretch are  
you going to bed or not?' and says he, 'Go to  
bed yourself, and where's your wig!' Sakes!  
the turn I got. To think he'd notice it, and me  
keeping up to be only thirty-nine and my  
switch natural, along of Mr. Gumbles, the rich  
widower, as says I am the moral of his fifth and  
last, and has intentions if deceived in him I am  
not. Well, says I, 'Mr. Dove, if ever a single  
young man was a wiper, that wiper and that  
single young man is lying before me under my  
own mahogany table, stimulated.' 'Go where  
the woodbine twineth,' says he, and was snoring  
most outrageous before I was out of the door.  
But such is life, and such is single young gen-  
tlemen when stimulated."

Rosa Dainty discourseth—

"Oh! how mad auntie was when I told her Cor-  
ney and I were engaged. Corney, the great ridi-  
culous fellow, left it to me and I didn't feel a  
bit afraid, though I did feel sorry for poor Mr.  
Dove, and he really behaved beautifully and  
got up a most tremendous flirtation with my  
sweetest Honora, who was quite willing, (the  
dear thing is the most awful flirt) and kept him  
in the conservatory examining the oleanders  
and things, while Corney and I talked in the  
drawing-room, and Professor Mastodon, a  
friend Corney introduced to us, talked to auntie  
about fish and stars, and primary formations,  
and showed her dried specimens of cod-fish  
which he always carried in his pockets, and the  
amount of Cologne water I had to sprinkle all  
about on that account was quite awful, and if  
he hadn't been a friend of Corney's I'd have  
quite detested the creature. Aunt Silexa asked  
him to dinner nearly every day, and the awful  
things he used to tell us about, how everything  
was adulterated were frightful; and the dread-  
ful account he gave us of false hair made  
auntie stay a week in her own room trying  
to decide between leaving off her water-frizzes  
and braids, and having the most terrible things  
happen to her with most awful names quite a  
yard long, which Professor Mastodon said would  
be the case if one wore false hair; but the end  
of that was that auntie came down to dinner  
the next time the wretch was there, in the  
sweetest golden friz and chateleine braid  
you ever saw, and a blue grenadine made just  
like mine, all fluffy, you know, with a wateau  
sash sprinkled with rosebuds, and wateau bows  
in her hair; and with the gas very low, you  
have no idea how well she looked, considering.  
"You ave de blush de most exquessite," said  
the professor, kissing her hand in his funny,  
foreign way, 'de aunt of de rosebuds, I vil tell  
you, mademoiselle.'

"I'm sure you're very good, professor," said  
auntie, and if I hadn't known that my own  
hands had "pink saucered" her ten minutes  
before, I really and truly would have fancied  
she blushed, "neuralgia has kept me a close  
prisoner this last week. Hem! Cornelius  
don't keep Rosa in the draught behind the cur-  
tain so long. How thoughtless you men are,  
eh, professor?"

"Non, non, my beautifullest friend," cried  
the nasty thing, sticking his red hair straight  
up on his head, 'not always thoughtless. See,  
behold, I say to mineseelf the adorabest wo-  
mans I know loves de science, de knowledge, de  
learning. I get from mine friend Agassiz one  
rare, dried specimen of a leetle feesh, I put it  
down mine pocket, and bring it to de light of her  
dazzling eyeses. Venus and Minerva togezzer  
look at him. He is here! Himmel! he ave de  
smell!"

"He took out of his pocket, a most abomin-  
able looking thing, and laid it at auntie's feet  
on a love of a worked footstool it took me an  
age to finish, and looked around on us all through  
his spectacles as though it were the Koh-i-noor  
diamond.

"It's a lovely specimen, indeed," said auntie,  
faintly, 'but don't you think, professor, it looks  
very like a dried cod-fish.'

"De same family, most beautifullest," said  
the professor. 'Ach! him got von fine incense!'

"He stood there admiring it, until Corney had  
to take me in amongst the flower-stands in the  
conservatory, the smell was so overpowering,  
and behind a great fuschia I saw a mauve silk  
trimmed with black lace, and there was Honora  
sitting on a divan and Mr. Dove on his knees  
before her, and so Corney was forced to take  
me out into the garden, where there were such  
delightful dark shadows, and not overlooked by  
any of the windows, and we sat down on a  
bench where two willow trees met in a little  
arch, and looked at the lawn and the white  
gables of the white cottage, like frosted silver  
in the moonlight, and I thought it looked like  
an ornament on a wedding-cake, and that made  
me think of how mean auntie was to declare  
that if I married Corney I shouldn't have my  
fortune until I was one-and-twenty, and I was  
nearly crying when Corney whispered:



"There, Rosa! Oh, if this isn't rich! Look over there."

"Oh, Corney!" I whispered back, "it can't be aunts."

"It's a true bill," said Corney, shaking the poor old bench with his smothered laughter.

If there wasn't aunts coming across the lawn in the moonlight, and oh, I nearly screamed with surprise, for Professor Mastodon had his right arm round her waist, the codfish thing swinging by the tail from his other hand, and every second step he was—he was kissing her.

"Keep quite still," said Corney in my ear, and I crammed my handkerchief into my mouth lest I should giggle right out. The shadow of the willows was so deep, and we kept so quiet that they never noticed us, and came and stood directly before us.

"Link between de angels and de humans creatures," said the professor, "de little shild Love has de wings for ever, always in de poem and de painting. Himmel! let us fly togeezzer, mine turkey-dove."

"Playful creature!" said aunts, tapping his arm tenderly, and feeling her complexion, to ascertain if the dew was peeling it off. "Whither and how shall we fly from the coarse gaze of an unsympathetic world to some blest little Eden lighted by a golden moon of enchantment, where we shall be indeed alone."

"Mit mine dried specimens and de leetle shild Love!" replied the Professor. "Mine angels, ve vill fly our ways on a leetle sheep dat is von friend of mines, and leave de yong peoples so quiet and sosy as never was."

"That is the worst of it," said aunts. "I can't trust that forward little Rosa alone. She might elope in my absence, and I hope to break off that foolish engagement of hers before she comes of age. A trying thing for one young creature to be forced into the guardianship of another, dear professor!"

"Ach, mine angels, veus you and me and all mine leetle pets in de bottles and de glass cases is returns here, I vill say to Corney, 'Von, doo, tree, get out of dis mansions or I vill makes you, in dobble and quick times, Pig and Slave.'"

"I thought he was a great friend of yours," said aunts, sweetly.

"Yes," said the professor, enthusiastically, squeezing aunts' waist; "but ven the leetle shild Love vlaps his leetle wings, friends is nothings. De angels of womens is all, everything. Her wishes is laws. Vly mit me on de leetle sheep, mine beautifullest specimen. Speak dat you vill!"

"I will, you eccentric darling!" said aunts, letting her head fall carefully on his shoulder; "but when?"

"I have no monies but in Sharmany," said the professor, shaking his head. "Monies is needful to set de leetle shild's wings going. De leetle sheep is von friends of mine, I can have him for nozzing, but ve must eat and drink, and de kraut and de beer cost de monies, mine pretty loves."

"Would a thousand dollars be enough, dearest?" sighed aunts. "I drew that amount from the bank to-day, and it is yours if you wish."

"Ach, you most beautifullest! adorablest, angel-cabbage as never was!" ejaculated the professor; "ve vill vly to-morrow night on de leetle sheep of mine friend's Dove, and ven ve come to von leetle town dat knows me, ve vill be veddinged by von old friend of mines, and den returns here, and 'von, doo, tree, Herr Corney.' Ey, mine sugar loves?"

"And I can lock Rosa into the house until we return," said aunts; and oh, didn't I long to pinch her when she said it. "And it's all so deliciously romantic, quite 'Love's young dream,' I may say."

"And then the malicious old thing, and that nasty, traitorous old wretch that poor dear Corney had thought so much of walked off into the cottage; and Corney made things worse by rolling over on the damp grass, nearly black in the face with laughing, and only behaved himself when I began to cry and said he couldn't care very much about me when he could find the idea so droll of my being looked up for ever so long."

"That brought him to his senses, and after talking for some time we went into the drawing-room and found dear Honora and Mr. Dove singing a duet at the piano, and aunts and the professor examining that abominable fish in the darkest corner, behind a banner screen."

"Mine pretty rose-bod," said the professor, as Corney and I came in, "come and learn de science of mine specimen. Imbroyve your sugar leetle minds;

"Make hay

"Every shining hour,"

as de Pard say, and as your lofely aunts do so witchmently. He ave de incense more and more."

"If you please, mem," said Tilly, coming in, "the house has been robbed. Jane left the basket from the store in the hall for a minute or two, and some sneak-thief stole that dried cod-fish you ordered, mem."

"Vos it like this, mine goot girls?" said the Professor, eagerly, holding up his specimen.

"The very moral of it, sir," said Tilly, and the Professor nodded and beamed on us all round.

"Just mine words," he cried, "Ach! I told you, mine sweets, dat he vos de same family. I could not mistake. De science and de Love are unmistakable-for-ever-always."

Captain Bobbles loquitur.

"When Mr. Dove comes to me and says,

"Bobbles," says he, "she'll be a-wantin' to-night for a little run, by a friend of mine and a lady, and do, Bobbles, try and keep yourself and the crew from gettin' narvish." He was too delikut-minded to put it plainer, I knew there wor somethink unkimmon in the breeze, and says I, "Skipper, when them little crafts is in tow, Billy Bobbles is not the old sarprint to do anythink unbecoming, call it narvishness or wotsumever you please. Steady's the word on board the 'Rosalinda.'" "Thank you, Bobbles," says he, handing me over a plug of rale Cavendish; "then make all ready to cast off from the wharf about midnight, and make for,"—well, I'll call it Brierport, though that wasn't the name he said, no more nor my name's Brierport, which it stands to reason it ain't when Bobbles it is.

"He seemed in a queer kind of takin' for sich a mild little chap as him, and me and my mates talked it over and fixed up a yarn in our heads as how it was a 'loperment most like, and we bound ourselves to keep steady on our pins, and stand by the skipper and wotsumever little craft he'd got in tow, for though me and my mates is a bachelore and two in hidin' from wives as was too much for them, our 'arts is where the charts shews 'em to be, and every one knows that's the right place for 'em. Well, the night come on as black as a tar-bucket, though the stars was aloft very plentiful, and as the city clock went twelve, up rattled a cab to the wharf, and Mr. Dove he brings a lady and a gentleman on board, and most unkimmon sharp spars she seemed to have, though I couldn't get a glimpse of her figger-head, she'd so much canvas furled round it. But of all the queer crafts I ever seed, the one to whose fin she was hooked was about the queerest. He looked for all the world like them puffer-fish, he was that round and chunky, and a head of hair like a ship's swab a-hangin' down his back, and green barnacles, and a beard, and whiskers, and mouse-taches all run into one, and a dirty green coat hangin' to his heels, and the head of a dried cod-fish stickin' out of the tail-pocket. 'Here are your passengers, Bobbles,' says the skipper, 'Miss Pebbledash and Professor Mastodon. I—I wish you every happiness. Consider the 'Rosalinda' your own,' and he was that overcome that he choked, and me and my mates we thumped him on the back until he come right again.

"Ach!" says the pufessur, in the strangest furrin' grunt you ever heerd; "Mine goot friends, he is von lofely leetle sheep, I tell you."

"There ain't no sheep here," says I, kind of disgusted, "nor yet no old cod-fish, in kind'r that is," and I looked hard at his coat-tail.

"Mine dry specimen!" says he, pulling the creature out and a paper along with it. "Ach! and here, mine lofellest humans angels is de license. He 'ave got de incense, too."

"Oh, oh! you naughty man," says she, "you make me blush."

"Mine angels!" says he. "Herr Dove, you will grasp your tongue about our leetle affair?"

"Surely, surely," says the skipper, in a great hurry to be off. "Good-night, Miss Pebbledash."

"You don't blame a young heart for its artless tendency to romance," says she, do you, Mr. Dove?"

"He said as how 'No, not in a general way, he didn't,' and in five minutes we was spinnin' along before as sweet a little breeze as ever raised a white-cap. We made the run in two hours, and very jolly the professor made himself, what with readin' over the license to her by the light of a ship's lantern on the bench beside them and lookin' at the codfish, for he seemed a queer sort, he did. We thought, me and my mates, that she liked hearin' the license the best of the two, but there's no tellin'."

"Brierport's a most unkimmon quiet place you ever seed, and when we threw the hawser to the wharf it was as lonesome as a churchyard."

"Now," says the professor, "mine beauteous lofes, you must stay mit Herr Bobbles on de leetle sheep vile I go to rouse mine friend de clergymans."

"She was awful unwillin' to let him go alone, but he overpersuaded her, and by the moon, that had got up, we seed him trotlin' very fast up the town, and it wasn't ten minutes until who should come rushin' over the wharf but Mr. Dove, that one-armed Captin' friend of his and Mr. Coltsfoot, tearin' like mad savages."

"Holloo!" roars the captin'; "the Rosalinda ahoy there!"

"Hide me, save me!" shrieks Miss Pebbledash. "They will tear me from him. Petrovius, Petrovius, save me! Oh, Bobbles, protect me!"

"Ay, ay, sir," says I, callin' back; "don't be afeard, mum."

"Is Professor Mastodon yet on board?" yells Mr. Dove, "and the lady?"

"He ain't," says I; "he's been gone this quarter of an hour."

"The ruffian!" roars Mr. Coltsfoot.

"Let me at him to murder him," yells the captin'.

"He deceived me into lending him the yacht, and he a married man," cried the skipper.

"With a wife in Germany," roared the captin'.

"And ten small children," yelled Mr. Coltsfoot.

"And my thousand dollars," screamed Miss Pebbledash.

"They all came rushing on board at this."

"I am in time, then, to save you from the

traitor," says the captin', "but fancy what a position you have left yourself in, aunts. You'll be in all the papers to-morrow morning, and you can never show your face again in society. Elopings with a married man!"

"I'll die in fits," screamed Miss Pebbledash. "Corney, you shall marry Rosa to-morrow if you silence these people. Oh, what will Mrs. Teafighter say? And my thousand dollars. Oh, couldn't some one get the abominable wretch garrotted?"

"I'll do my best, aunts," says the captin', "to hush it up, but only on condition that you give your solemn consent before my friends here to my immediate marriage with Rosa."

"I do," she said, and went off immediately into highstrikes.

"Well, we turned right round again, and after makin' the old lady comfortable in the cabin, the captin' came on deck and shook Mr. Coltsfoot's hand with the queerest grin you ever seed."

"Professor," says he, "where's your dried specimen?"

"And your wig, mine friends?" said the skipper.

"Rosa and I are your debtors for life," says the captin'.

"I don't know," says Coltsfoot, slapping his pocket; "a thousand dollars pays for a great deal, and the rest we'll put down to friendship."

Rosa Latouche speaks:

"Of course dear Corney refunded that money to aunts. Dear Honora Dove and I got a lovely set of jewels each, exactly the same, as we were married the same day, and poor dear aunts never knew the real reason Corney ordered an exactly similar one for her."

"Baby's name is Thomas Coltsfoot Latouche."

For the Favorite.

## MR. BUMPUS ON CURIOSITY.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,

OF MONTREAL.

Curiosity is a bad thing. Mrs. Bumpus is very curious, and always wants to know where I have been and what I have been doing, when I happen to come in late at night. But the worst of it is, that she will insist on saying that I am curious, and nearly all my friends are of the same opinion, and call me "Paul Pry," "Busybody," and other names not at all pleasant to hear.

Now this is most unjust. I am not curious. Phenologists have never discovered a full-blown lump in my head which they call the bump of curiosity; so it is unfair to say I am curious. But I do confess that I like to know what is going on about me. It appears to me that I could help my neighbors better if I knew what they wanted; and as the bump of benevolence is largely developed, I generally like to inquire into other people's affairs. This is quite different from mere vulgar curiosity, and is simply a desire to benefit my fellow-men. But mankind is ungrateful, and my efforts to assist my neighbors are almost always misconstrued, and sometimes lead to disastrous results. I remember about two years ago, my desire to assist a female in distress got me into a terrible scrape, and made Mrs. Bumpus horribly jealous—but I write all about it, that it may serve as a warning to old fellows, like myself, of an inquisitive turn of mind.

One evening, about two years ago, I was walking down Bonaventure street, thinking over a lecture which Mrs. Bumpus had delivered for my benefit that morning, when suddenly a window on the opposite side of the way was opened, and a very pretty young girl put her head out, and waved her handkerchief three times. This was mysterious. Once I should not have minded, but three times evidently meant something. I looked up the street and down the street; there was no one within two blocks of the house except myself. This was more mysterious; the young lady would scarcely wave her handkerchief at no one; there was certainly something strange going on. Now, I am not curious, but do dislike to have mysterious circumstances occurring about me. If people will tell me what they are about, I am not the least bit inquisitive, and don't care to know; but the moment any thing is hidden from me, I want to find it out. I passed the house, and then slowly repassed. The signals were repeated, but this time more rapidly. A thought suddenly occurred to me; the young lady was telegraphing to me. Ah! poor thing! perhaps her grandmother had the toothache, and she wanted me to run for the doctor; or perhaps a cruel parent kept her confined against her will, and she was calling on me to help her. Of course I would help her. I'd help anybody that needed assistance, and so I immediately crossed the street, and approaching the house, politely raised my hat, and was about to address her, when—slam! down went the window, and the lady disappeared. This was very strange; but perhaps she was coming down stairs to let me in at the front door. So I ascended the steps, and while I was waiting took the number of the house for future use. Just then the area door opened, and a violent little Frenchman, armed with a spit, bounced out, and began executing a kind of Indian war-dance around me, accompanying the same with sundry pokes of the spit, which it required all my skill and agility to ward off with my umbrella.

"Ah, sacré! By dam! You are von villain!" shouted he, dancing around me like an insane monkey.

"My excitable little friend," said I, "what is the matter with you?"

"Vat is de matter, eh? De defil is de matter. You are von dam—vat you call, eh?—rascal!"

"But, my friend—"

"Ah-haa! I am no your fren—it is mine wife is your fren, you old, dam scoundrel! I sai, vil kill you!" and he made a tremendous lunge at my nose, entirely demolishing my spectacles, and almost carrying off my left ear.

"Hang your wife!" shouted I. "I don't know or care anything about your wife!"

"Hang mine wife! No, sar. It is you sai hang. I vil call ze police," and he immediately vociferated "Police! police!" at the top of his voice.

There is not a more law-loving or law-abiding man than I am. I honor and respect its majesty; but I am constitutionally bashful, and object to being made the centre of attraction; so as soon as the armed representative of the law, in blue coat and brass buttons, made his entry at one end of the block, I made my exit at the other. Man is a creature of impulse, and my first impulse was to run. I am almost ashamed to own it, but I did run; just as fast as my age and weight would permit.

I ran, and the policeman ran, and a crowd of men, women, and small boys, all ran after me shouting "stop thief," "catch him," "hold him," etc., but not thinking that any of these epithets applied to me I steadily held on my course.

Fortune favored me, the wind was in my favor, and I was almost gaining on my pursuers when, on turning a corner, a sportive young gentleman said playfully "look out old buffer," and extended his right foot across my path. I was conscious of a check to my career, a concussion caused by my head coming in violent contact with the sidewalk, and ere I could regain my feet, a long-legged policeman had caught up with me and grasped me by the shoulder.

I lodged that evening at the expense of the public, and the next morning, no one appearing against me, I was dismissed, after receiving a slight lecture from the judge.

Surely this was punishment enough for my inquisitiveness, but unfortunately my little French friend got it into his head to be jealous of his wife, and sued for a divorce. What my feelings were on being summoned as a witness, it is impossible to express. I knew nothing of the French lady's intrigue with a festive knight of the pole (barber's), but her husband declared that I was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and had assisted in planning an interview which he had discovered. It was no use my pleading ignorance, I was compelled to tell "all I knew" about the lady; and as that only related to my adventure, the Judges and Jury, and everybody in court laughed at me, and I was noticed in all the morning papers under the caption "Adventures of a festive old buck; etc., etc." How Mrs. Bumpus did scold! I scarcely thought Angelina had such a temper, but she did say some very unpleasant things; declaring that I was a very bad old man and ought to be ashamed of myself.

So I was; very much ashamed of allowing my curiosity to lead me into such a scrape; and so I formed a resolution, never again to interest myself in matters which did not concern me, and in order to help me in keeping my word I joined The anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business society.

## CHINESE BURIAL PLACES.

Than the Chinese, no people profess more veneration for the memory of their fathers; and the worship of their tombs is by far the most solemn, and apparently sincere, ceremonial in the shape of religious worship they exhibit. In order to perform its rites, men (women take no part in it) who emigrate to distant lands often return, at much expense and trouble, to the place of their birth; and their fond clinging to the memory of the dead, more than love for its institutions, seems, and is said to be, the strong bond that binds the Chinese to their country. But they have no consecrated place of interment; and, if they have any rite analogous to Episcopal consecration, it must be so simple and easily executed as to have effect anywhere. At any rate, they have no accumulation of graves in particular inclosed spots; they do not set apart a few acres for that purpose and surround them with walls, separating the silent tenants from the living world, and forming a great prison-house for the dead. On the other hand, every one chooses the spot he likes best for the final resting-place for those he loved. The country residents bury their dead on their own land, often very close to their own dwellings. On the hillsides, especially in stony, barren places, are seen tombs and graves, thinly scattered in rural districts, and more numerous in the neighborhood of towns. The choice is wise, and its effects anything but unpleasant to the eye. The tombs are often of porphyry, finished with some minute chiseling, and sometimes in tolerable monumental taste. Placed on rocky eminences, often in particularly picturesque situations under the shadow of cedars and cypresses, they present here and there objects of pleasing, perhaps profitable, contemplation.

St. GEORGE'S DAY was very generally observed as a national holiday in the various cities of the Dominion.



## A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

(From the German of Novalis.)

The times are all so fearful!  
The heart so full of cares!  
To eyes that question fearful  
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover  
With foot so ghastly soft!  
The soul black midnight cover  
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving,  
For trust is left no stay;  
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,  
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye resistless,  
Decoys from Truth's defense;  
Life's pulse is flagging listless,  
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,  
To shelter and make whole?  
Who lives from sight received  
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;  
Give silent longing room;  
Outgoing flames asunder  
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender  
In safety on the strand;  
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,  
Outspreads the promised land.

Scribner's for May.

## HOW I SAID "YES."

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

My godfather and my godmother at my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A belligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildest of my teachers considered me "unruly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No" in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference with him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, "you mean to ask me once a quarter."

"Is that enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Dr. Darwin and his bewildering theories.

This last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I had said so, very distinctly; but Geoffrey had proposed some out of the way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doings, and I told him so at the railway station.

"This is your doings, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak saucily to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would only be waste of material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place, I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "frights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was, of course, a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Table-qual or Bannock City we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is ubiquitous. We procured rooms, and my trunks were, with some difficulty, got up the hill and up the flight of wooden stairs into the hall.

"I suppose," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them up stairs. I can have no use for my dresses here."

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways, "as you like, dear; that grey thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark, of course I had every trunk, bonnet-box and satchel taken up stairs, and the noise and confusion, and even the occasional bad

word their size and weight called forth was quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think, if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self-complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with me.

"But, sir," I inquired, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the village."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians; I mean society Christians."

"Ah! they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, amazed.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote to them that we would be here to-day; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. or Miss Lacelles called. Just at lamp-lighting I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustling of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lacelles entered. She was beautiful; I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and ladylike, reminding you of a fair white lily. We soon struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather sneeringly remarked, "the only Christians within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses, and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns' advice to still "keep something to myself" I would tell to any.

Life settled down into an unexciting but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other, and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was "Geoffrey Gardiner."

Now it so happened that the existence of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidence with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I rather liked to see his handsome figure in the room, he was so full of life, and he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart!

We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle-light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely; her rose-colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over I left the room for a few minutes, and when I came back found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chess-board between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering as I passed his chair,—

"Checkmated, Olive."

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How it came let doctors tell!" but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attention to Mary and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so "serves you right, Miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party to the top of the mountain was proposed. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course, and I was prepared for that; but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident: They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her gauntlet. From my

window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidently in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for "king nor kaiser." I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke up about dusk with a new-born purpose in my heart, the key-note of which was "she stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles', so I threw my dressing-gown around me, and taking "Red as a Rose was She" in my hand, I ordered a strong cup of tea, and went into the sitting-room. As I walked in at one door Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"I came to take you to Mr. Lacelles', Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of darkies to tote me there, I really don't think you will succeed."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you? I think you would enjoy your journey."

"Will you dare me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. O Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you that I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It has not been six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years: and oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were eight years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever, or leave me forever, to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never?"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished, and I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said,—

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."

That is the way I said "Yes," and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never be a meek woman; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than ever I did to paternal rule. Father laughs with shy triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me for a wedding present a handsome copy of "The Taming of the Shrew."

## DIETETICS OF THE SOUL.

"Dietetics of the Soul," is the title of a little book which has recently been translated from the German, and which, whatever the merits of defects of its composition, deserves the praise of good intention. The leading thought is the intimate connection between bodily and spiritual health. The text is one which has suggested a good many sermons and been illustrated by abundant anecdotes. One story will do as well as another to point the obvious moral. A man, it is said, read in the newspapers an account of a death from the bite of a mad dog. The reader was instantly seized with hydrophobia and taken to a hospital, where he died. Whether this cheerful narrative be true or false—and we certainly do not give it with implicit confidence—there are abundant instances of that reciprocal influence of the imagination and the physical organization which it is supposed to exemplify. Commonplace, however, as is the doctrine, we have perhaps hardly learnt to apply it as systematically as could be wished. One favorite piece of contemporary slang sets forth the advantages of physical education. Our young men interpret this theory after their own fashion by endeavoring to convert themselves into finished athletes. But the misfortune is that they overlook the intimate connection between the two purposes of education. They argue—assuming, indeed, that they argue at all, which is, we need not add, a very bold assumption—that because the mind and the body are intimately connected, therefore the more you develop your body the more you must improve the mind. The fallacy is obvious enough. Neither the mind nor the body can be in perfect order without a corresponding development of its ally; and any change in one reacts upon the other. But it does not follow that you can stimulate the imagination by improving the digestion, or, reciprocally, that a cultivated imagination is incompatible with dyspepsia. No part of this complex machinery can be touched without some influence being propagated to every other part; but the inference is not that we are at liberty to attend exclusively to one set of functions, but, on the contrary, that a good system of education should regard the harmonious development of all.

Familiar as the observation is in theory, it is strange to observe how completely it is neglected in practice. Mr. W. R. Greg has lately published an interesting essay on the Non-survival of the Fittest. If we examine into the meaning of his rather melancholy forebodings, we find that they rest chiefly on the neglect of which we are speaking. We will take one instance. The "fittest," in one sense of the word, are the men of highly developed brains. Now it is said that in America, for example, the most intelligent and cultivated classes scarcely increase at all; whilst they are being gradually swallowed up by the comparatively brutal and ignorant, but more prolific, masses. If this be true, it is really a case of the evil consequences of one-sided development. One class cultivate brain at the expense of muscle; and the other muscle to the neglect of brain. Now, whatever the value of our higher faculties, it is plain that the lower are in one sense more necessary; they supply the base without which there can be no satisfactory super-structure. A man can manage to live and even to thrive with a very limited allowance of intellect; but nobody, were he a Shakespeare and a Newton combined, could thrive or live without a stomach. If, therefore, society is so organized in any case as to stimulate intellectual activity at the price of the still more essential quality of sheer vitality, we shall have such a phenomenon as that which Mr. Greg laments. With all the advantages of keener intelligence, the weaker race will be gradually worn down by the stronger. The fittest—if by the fittest we mean the cleverest—will not survive; but the true inference will be, that in the case suggested the fittest are really the most vigorous. In short, it is plain enough that, permanently to improve any breed of men, their animal nature must be developed simultaneously with their spiritual faculties. However civilized we may become, that nation will have the best of it in the long run which has the toughest physical fibre, and the problem is how to combine this with the greatest intellectual energy.

If we ask how far our modern methods are favorable to such a result, the answer does not at first sight appear to be encouraging. Granting the general proposition that physical and spiritual health are closely connected, the doctrine scarcely seems to be verified in individual cases. There is an obvious limitation to Mr. Galton's doctrine of hereditary genius. It has been often said since the time of Bacon, though we do not know that any one has collected statistics to prove the fact, that great men seldom leave descendants. If we run over a few of the most eminent names in English literature, it certainly strikes one that the doctrine has at least a *prima facie* justification. If we take the eminent names that occur at the moment, they almost all give the same result. Nobody now living can boast of a descent from Bacon himself, or from Shakespeare, or Milton, or Hobbes, or Newton, or Locke, or Swift, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Hume, or Gibbon; and it would be easy to increase the list without mentioning more recent names. If men of exceptional ability are seldom the forefathers of a distant posterity, it is evident that we cannot expect to breed men of genius as we breed racehorses; and, beyond this, it seems to be also true that an abnormal development of certain faculties is generally accompanied by a defect of others. The man of genius is more liable to certain temptations than his commonplace brethren, though the highest results are obtained where the other faculties are too strong to be overpowered, and first-rate intellectual power is consistent with perfect health. For the great bulk, however, of even the most cultivated classes these instances are not quite in point. Few men's minds are so powerful as to upset the balance of their faculties. But it may still be argued that, even in a class far below the great leaders of thought, the tendency is in some degree to sacrifice general constitutional vigor to the development of special talents. The University boat-race is bringing before our minds at this moment the natural tendency of our system. We have a great opinion of the value of bodily health, and therefore we encourage one set of young men to devote themselves exclusively to physical excellence, whilst another set is encouraged to indulge in the opposite excess. Competitive examination brings to the front the young men who have converted themselves into machines for the rapid assimilation of knowledge; whilst competition in athletic pursuits induces the most physically vigorous to starve their brains for the sake of their bodies. Instead of an army of lions commanded by asses, to which profane observers compared one part of our arrangements, the modern ideal would seem to be a set of invalids ruling over a race of strong-bodied persons, to whom it would be uncivil to give a coarser name. There is, indeed, a natural limit to the process. Great lawyers are notoriously men of strong constitution, for the simple reason that men cannot succeed at the bar without great constitutional strength. Until we have applied the competitive system with much greater completeness, the man who has a power of treading on his neighbor's toes with unceasing energy, who is thick-skinned, loud-voiced and generally capable of thrusting other people to the wall, will always have a vast advantage in the open struggles of life. Indeed, competition itself requires physical strength, though it may be that it also tempts a man to exhaust himself at the first entrance into life, and leaves him a comparatively poor creature for the rest of his days. Assuming, however, that we are still distant from the day when such methods will be applied to select our statesmen, our bishops, and our chancellors, we have to a certain extent a natural guarantee in the fact that bodily vigor is of immense advantage in every profession.



SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**THE fatigue of the limbs incident to railway traveling is occasioned mainly by the trembling motion of the floor under the feet. Invalids will find great relief by the use of an air-cushion for a footstool.**

**CARBOLIC acid and sweet oil—in equal proportions—will be found very efficacious in removing verdigris from copper and rust from iron and steel. The mixture, lightly brushed on, is most useful as a preventive.**

**PERMANENT PAINT FOR FIREPROOFING WOOD.**—The wood is twice painted over with a not saturated solution of one part of green vitriol and three parts of alum. When dry the wood is again painted with a weak solution of green vitriol, in which pipeclay has been mixed to the consistency of ordinary paint. This coat is renewed from time to time.

**ROSE CUTTINGS.**—The most certain way of rooting rose cuttings is by bending the shoots and inserting both ends into the ground, leaving a single bud uncovered at the middle and on the surface of the ground. The cuttings are about ten inches long, and are bent over a stick laid flat on the ground, holes being dug on each side of the stick for the reception of the ends of the shoot. The roots form only at the lower ends of the shoot, but the other end, being buried, prevents evaporation and drying up.

**VENETIAN BLINDS OF COLORED GLASS.**—A good idea has been put into form in an invention patented by Mr. Peattie, of Rankellor Street, Edinburgh. It is simply the substitution, with several little improvements, of colored and ground glass instead of wood in the ordinary Venetian long and short blinds for windows. The glass is bound round with brass, to preserve it; and heavy blinds are simply wound up and down with something like a clock-key. The play of colors, it is easy to see, may thus be managed so as to give beautiful effects.

**BLACK CANDLES.**—A Frankfort scientific journal says that for a long time past manufacturers of candles, wax, stearine, or paraffine as the case may be, have been trying to discover a means for coloring them a deep black—with a view to special occasions, such as funeral ceremonies, &c.—by a simple method, so as at the same time not to injure the brilliancy of their light. The result can now be attained by melting the substances composing the candles into a vessel containing peeled and bruised nuts of anacardium (*Anacardium orientale*), where they are to be allowed to digest for a few minutes. This fruit contains a liquid vegetable oil, of a black color, which unites itself intimately with the matter of which the candles are formed without prejudicing their powers of illumination.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

**STUDY the past if you would divine the future.**

**ONLY trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.**

**It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.**

**NOTHING can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.**

**ANYTHING we can love and reverence becomes, as it were, the Sabbath for the mind.**

**THE unpleasant sensation that is produced by modesty is amply compensated by the prepossession it creates in our favor.**

**WHAT an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasures we have more!**

**A MAN in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it,—has scaled the chief barrier to success.**

**PROCRASTINATE.**—How many people deceive themselves in postponing a present duty by the reflection, "I can attend to it at any time!" The practical result is, that such things are never attended to. Whatever work is put off with the self-complacent reflection, "I can do it, any time," is almost certain never to be done.

**LADY MORGAN** held one rule on the education of children which cannot be too often repeated: "Give to every girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word suits you better. Cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing in perfection, for which she has talent—no matter what it is—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; let her feel this will carry her through life without dependence."

**THE DAYS.**—The very darkest day wears at length its evening, and it is of no avail to chide meantime the slow-paced hours. It is a benevolent provision of nature that we cannot grieve perpetually, if we would. The keener the pain, perhaps, the sooner its intensity is worn out. Our best-beloved dies, and we think our life has been buried in that grave. But the flowers do not grow on it more surely, under the rains and dews of Summer, than do little buds of new interests and fresh hopes spring from the parched soil of our hearts. The cherished grace of the dead day may never come back, but the new day has still twenty-four hours in it and each of those hours, if we do its work faithfully, is a minister of consolation.

**BE HAPPY NOW.**—How old are you? Are you

happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? If so, you have reason to judge that you will be happy by-and-by. Are you so busy that you have no time to be happy? and are you going to be happy when you are old, and you have not so much to do? No, you will not. You now have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. What you are carrying along with you now is what you will have by-and-by. If every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take as much time as is needful for the culture of your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished.

**ALLOW NO IMPROPER INTIMACY.**—Upon this theme Shirley Dare, in one of his excellent "observations," says:—"There is one rule that settles a thousand queries of the nature we are considering. Whatever is secret may be safely left untouched. The touch, the look, the intimacy, the correspondence that needs to be secret has something wrong about it. If you are sure there is no evil in your motives, for Heaven's sake come out and avow your friendship, your design, whatever it may be. You make the world purer, and set a precedent by your frankness that tears away a thousand hypocrisies. The world has keen scent for the really innocent; and, if you cannot face its first sneers of criticism, you have reason to doubt yourself."

**A SHORT ROAD.**—To make yourself thoroughly miserable, begin by fancying that no one cares for you, that you are not of use to anybody—a sort of nonentity in the household, where your place would not be missed, but could be very easily supplied. Reflect on your want of beauty, and lead yourself to believe that no one can love a plain face, or think you agreeable because there are others more charming. Fancy that every one who looks upon you makes a mental comparison which militates against you in favor of some one else. Imagine that every word said in jest is only meant to cover a deeper and more painful meaning—that every article of wearing apparel you don is criticized and ridiculed. Do all this, and your tendency to morbidness of feeling will so increase that in a very short time you will become one of the most miserable of human beings.

FAMILY MATTERS.

**ALABASTER ornaments** may be imitated by brushing over plaster of Paris models with spermaceti, white wax, or a mixture of the two, or by steeping the models in the warm mixture. Or instead of this process, they may be brushed over several times with white of egg, allowing each coating sufficient time to dry. Only models made of the finest plaster are suited for these processes.

**ARTIFICIAL CORAL.**—This may be employed for various kinds of ornamentation. It is made as follows: To two drachms of vermilion add one ounce of resin, and melt them together. Have ready the branches or twigs peeled and dried, and paint them over with this mixture while hot. The twigs being covered, hold them over a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly smooth. White coral may also be made with white lead, and black, with lamp-black mixed with resin.

**TO WASH CHINTZ.**—Boil two pounds of rice in two gallons of water till soft, and pour it into a tub; let it stand until it subsides into a moderate warmth; put the chintz in and wash it (without using soap) until the dirt disappears; then boil the same quantity of water and rice as before, but strain off the rice and mix it in warm water. Wash the chintz in this till quite clean; afterward rinse it in the water the rice was boiled in; this will answer the end of starch, and dew will not affect it.

**CURT-PLASTER.**—To make court-plaster, take half an ounce of benzine and six ounces of rectified spirits, dissolve and strain; then take one ounce of isinglass and half a pint of hot water; dissolve, and strain separately from the former. Mix the two, and set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed; warm this, and brush in ten or twelve times over a piece of black silk stretched smooth. When dry, brush it with a solution made from four ounces of Chian turpentine and six ounces of tincture of benzine.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

**CULINARY.**—Sow in seed-beds in drills eight inches apart.

**BEANS.**—Do not plant in this latitude before the first of May, as the late frosts are sure to kill them.

**CHIVES.**—Divide the large clumps and make new plantings, setting the plants eight or ten inches apart in well-manured rows.

**ASPARAGUS** beds need some care in manuring in order to secure an early crop. Attend to them at once, and see that the manure is properly forked in between the rows.

**THE preparation of the soil, planting of early vegetables, etc., will occupy the chief part of the gardener's time. If the ground was plowed last fall it will be ready to work much sooner than if not plowed until spring.**

**OATS** can be sown later than barley. They will also do far better than barley on sod land, or on low, mucky land. It is desirable to get them in as early as the land is dry enough to

work properly. If possible, drill them in 2½ to 3 bushels per acre.

**GOOD IMPLEMENTS.**—Great loss is incurred on many farms by using poor implements and tools. The higher wages are, the more important it is to economize labor. A good plow, as compared with a poor one, will more than pay for itself in a week's work.

**THE farmers from all parts of Hillsdale County, Mich., report the appearance of wheat, on the ground where the same has been uncovered by the recent thaw, as very promising—more so than in any previous season for some years. We have not heard of any fields being injured by the ice and snow of this bad winter.**

**THREE-HORSE teams** should always be used wherever practicable. They are far more effective than two horses. One man can manage three horses as well as two, and will accomplish half as much again work. For plowing, harrowing, rolling, cultivating, drawing off heavy stones on a stone-boat, and for drawing heavy loads on a wagon, there is great economy in using three horses.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

The rose that all are praising—He-roses.

A "YOUNG SHAVER."—A barber's baby.

The printer's favorite watering-place—Ems.

WHEN is it right to take one in?—When it rains.

AN ATTACHED COUPLE.—The shells of an oyster.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH.—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

A YOUNG Woman's Conundrum.—Who is our favorite Roman hero?—Answer: Marius.

WHY do bees like to come out on a bright summer day?—Because it's honey (sunny) weather.

A farmer thinks the words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," should read, "Thirst, every one that hoeth."

AN old conductor says he is no judge of female beauty, but he can always tell when the ladies are "passing fare."

AN Ohio editor speaks of one who has been a persevering contributor to the office waste-basket for years past.

WHEN does the captain of a vessel commit self-mutilation? When he goes on shore and leaves his hands on board.

WHY is a nice young unmarried lady an anomaly?—Because, although she's always a miss, still she's never amiss.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A heavy charger, we suppose.

WHAT is the difference between the engine-driver and a passenger who has lost the train?—One is right in front, the other is left behind.

TENNESSEE doctors have a hard time of it. If the patient lives he seldom pays, and if he dies the rest of the family want to shoot the physician.

A French writer informs us that "the seasons in London are equally divided—there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

The newsboys of Philadelphia told the guardians of their "Home" either to "set up nobbler grub or close the caboose." The caboose is closed.

A JUSTICE at Vernon, Iowa, wound up a marriage by saying: "And I now send you to the county jail for thirty days." He was thinking of another case.

A BEAUTIFUL Indiana school girl, thirteen years old, and six feet one inch high, is causing a general rupture among the suspenders of the short boys who try to kiss her.

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* states that Mrs. Southworth has written forty-two novels! and adds: "Thousands of her readers have died, but she is alive."

"See Naples and Die," says the proud old Italian proverb. "I didn't quite die," commented a profane American, "but I did very nearly. The smell was awful."

THE Griffin (Georgia) Register says of the death of Mr. Grafton, of that place: "He was a fine man in all respects; he was owing us seven dollars on that last game of seven-up, but we will throw that in toward his head-stone."

THE BANNIS.—Dignified Clerk: "Are you going to marry yourself?"—Facetious Pat-lender: "Arrah, now when did I ver ye hear till of a gentleman marrying himself? Shure there's a lady goin' to be married along wid me!"

A VERY unpleasant fix was that of the gent on Saturday night, who struggled manfully but hopelessly to enclose himself within a pair of tight boots while a dog fight was going on around the corner. He finally got out there in his stocking feet, but the fight was over.—*Dan-bury News.*

WHEN a citizen of Louisville can not procure the real old Bourbon to irrigate his alimentary canal, he steals an old whiskey barrel and splits it up into small pieces, which he chews as he would licorice root. A well-soaked barrel stave is equal to two drinks, and a bung-hole affords sustenance for a week.

THEY attempted to kill a book agent in

Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, knocked off the cars, pitched from a high bridge into the river again, but in two hours after came round with a new illustrated edition of the Bible, and tried to get the subscription of the leader of the attacking party.

THE following anecdote has outlived its early youth, but it still reads well:—John Phoenix tells the story that he was one day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off he called out in a loud voice, "Good-bye, Colonel!" and to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted: "Colonel, good-bye!"

"'Twas ever thus; from childhood's hour I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, I never held a larboard bower, But some one took it with the right."

OUR PUZZLER.

63. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.

1. My first is a color; my second is a river; and my whole is a town in Scotland.
2. My first is a river in Europe; my second is to put away; my third is what we all do; and my whole is a town in Yorkshire.
3. My first and second combined is a sport; my third is a river in Great Britain; and my whole is a town in England.
4. My first is a food for babies; my second is a tree; my third is a letter; and my whole is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
5. My first is a journey; my second is an interjection; my third is a verb; and my whole is a country in Africa.

64. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. One who with great dignity Adorns an empire's throne.
2. A living British statesman, The people's friend, they own.
3. A standard English measure (According to the Act).
4. A vegetable daily used, Though very often "sacked."
5. A pretty town in Devonshire, With many a vale and hill.
6. One who adds to England's wealth, But his reward is often "nil."
7. An adversary or a foe, With whom we oft dispute.
8. A large lake in America, You'll find of some repute.
9. A city and a capital Of consequence this year.
10. Transpose me, and I'm everywhere, And also here and there.
11. To Scotia's sons a famous name, And still their pride and boast.
12. A chain of mountains where was lost, Part of a mighty host.
13. An artist great, whose works are famed For grandeur and for grace.
14. An orchestra without this music Would be rather out of place.
15. A river next in Portugal You readily will find.
16. Strive to convince him how you will, He's still of doubtful mind.

The initials down, the finals up, When read will give us two Of the Seven Wonders of the World, But now no longer new; For we have marvels quite as great, Ay, and greater, even, Than all we read and hear about, Our forefathers' boasted seven.

J. P. R.

65. VARIATIONS.

The following sentences are each variations of words and names of places—no other letters than those in the solutions being employed:—

1. How oft a few words of wrath sow the seeds of sorrow of the heart for ever!
2. To reward worth is a debt we owe to the great or good.
3. He that rules his desires, this truth he sees, He rises in health, and he rests in ease.

ANSWERS.

60. ENIGMA.—Plate.—1, Gold and silver plate; 2, Plate of glass; 3, Armour plates; 4, Domestic plates; 5, River Plate; 6, Steel plate engravings, &c.; 7, Ship iron plates, &c.; 8, Common domestic plates; 9, Armour plates, &c.; 10, Copper-plate for cards; 11, Gold plate; 12, Domestic ditto.

61. DECAPITATIONS.—1, Scream, cream, team, mare, mar, ram, ma, M. 2, Craft, raft, aft, fat, ft, T. 3, Score, core, ore, roe, or, o. 4, Pearl, earl, ear, era, are. 5, Mangle, angle, glen, leg, L.

62. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—Nine, thus:—The heart of Nun is U; put I instead of U, and add E (an Eagle's head) to it.



(For the Favorite.)

## THE AULD BRIG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

"Whaur ha'e ye been lassie, whaur ha'e ye been?"  
 This hour alane I've been spinnin'."  
 "Is it askin' me, minnie, whaur I ha'e been?"  
 Weel, doun whaur the burn is rinnin'  
 An' wimplin' sae sweetly aneath th' auld brig,  
 'Twas whispurin' sae saft in its flowin',  
 That I linger'd an' listened, and ne'er took tent  
 How that auld carl, Time, was goin'."

"Weel lassie, weel lassie, aften mysel'  
 I've linger'd to spy the trout playin'  
 In the pool 'neath the brig, but whisper awee,  
 What was the burnie sayin'?"  
 "Is it askin' me, minnie, what the words were  
 I heard?"  
 Weel, mixed wi' its wimplin' sae clearly,  
 I heard as I hearkened just sax wee words—  
 'Jeanie, I lo'e ye sae dearly!'"

"Weel lassie, weel lassie, that was richt strange!  
 It's a drear spot alane to be roamin',  
 But whisper, what answer ye made back again  
 As the burnie wimplin' on i' the gloamin'?"  
 "Is it askin' me, minnie, what the answer I  
 made?"  
 I made it, I trow, douce and fairly;  
 An' richt glad as I spoke of the saft gloamin'  
 shade:  
 'An' I too, I lo'e ye richt dearly!'"

"Strange, lassie; strange, lassie; were ye no  
 feared  
 Of kelpie, or nixie, or fairie?  
 The willows hang dark by the wee burnie side,  
 An' the auld brig is lanesome an' eerie."  
 "Is it askin' me, minnie, if I were afear'd?"  
 I knew there'd nae evil betide me,  
 For young Robbie Grey had his arm roun' my  
 waist,  
 As he stood on the auld brig beside me!"

(For the Favorite.)

## What Mischief Brought About.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,  
OF MONTREAL.

"Indeed, I know nothing of them, Mrs. Langsly; you do not use them often, and I scarcely recollect them."  
 "It is very surprising, Fannie, they should be missing from my work-box," replied Mrs. Langsly. "No one has access to my bedroom or work-box but yourself and Sarah. She has been with me over twenty years, and I have always trusted her as I would have done a sister. Sarah knows that those missing spectacles were a birthday present from my son, who is now dead, and that I prize them above value. She would not have taken them."  
 "It does seem very mysterious, Mrs. Langsly, but I can't help that; I did not take them. By your manner of speaking I shall think you meant to imply that. I have been in your employ for more than a year, and I hoped that I had always acted in such a manner as to have gained your confidence. I am sorry that it should have been otherwise."  
 "I have always had the highest opinion of you, Fannie Holmes, and I sincerely trust that those spectacles may be found, for your sake as well as my own. I shall have a complete stir made throughout the house, probable and improbable places shall be searched, and, if not found, then I will speak further on the subject," and old Mrs. Langsly bustled out of Fannie's little bedroom.  
 Poor Fannie, as soon as the old lady had left the room, sat down and pressed her cold hands to her forehead to calm her brain. She could scarcely understand what it was all about, so agitated had she become. Was she to be taken up for theft, when she was innocent of any offence?

"Ah! my God," she cried, bursting into tears, "will my troubles never end?"  
 Every part of the house was searched, every bureau, box, nook and cranny, yet no spectacles were forthcoming. Fannie had helped in the search of the missing article, and at each failure her heart sank lower and lower. She knew it was enough to provoke suspicion; yet why not suspect Sarah as well as herself. She thought it hard that it should be laid on her alone. She bit her lip with vexation.  
 "Could not Mrs. Langsly see that I am too respectable to condescend to so low a crime," she murmured aloud.  
 The next morning Mrs. Langsly summoned Fannie. She was sitting in state in the parlor, and Fannie felt as if she were about to be judged at some tribunal, so stern and solemn looked the old lady.  
 "Fannie," she began, "I have sent for you to speak to you on this sad and serious matter, the one of yesterday. The spectacles, as you are aware, have not been found. What am I to think? As I told you before, Sarah I could not possibly suspect, therefore, Fannie, I am truly sorry to say my suspicions are strong on you. I grieve for you. I shall feel your loss very much, for you have ever given me satisfaction since you have been with me, and I have always esteemed you. What could have induced you, a respectable girl, to commit such a fault I cannot imagine. If you had been in any emergency for money I would have helped you. Oh! Fannie, Fannie," continued the old lady, "your mother is to be pitied. Of course,

with my confidence shaken, I could no longer keep you in my employ, nor can I conscientiously give you a character. Yet one more thing, Fannie: if it be possible to reclaim them, I entreat you to let me know where they are. I would give twice their value to get them back."

While Mrs. Langsly was giving this long tirade, Fannie never once spoke. She became paler and paler, until in rigidity and pallor she resembled a statue.

At length she cleared her voice and spoke:  
 "Mrs. Langsly, I have told you already, and I told you the truth, that I did not take your spectacles; I know nothing whatever of them. I grant it is strange their disappearance, but I have nothing to do with that. You take advantage of my helplessness, madame, or you would not dare to impugn my character so undeservedly. I hope to live to see this mystery brought to light, and that you will feel some remorse for injuring one who has always tried

been prostrated with a severe illness, which left her a confirmed invalid. Then it was that Fannie, who was only sixteen at the time, stepped forward and took the burden on her own shoulders.

"Don't bother, dear mamma," she said, "I will manage everything, and you shall have what you require, and Rosy too. Leave all to me, mamma."

And Mrs. Holmes did leave all to her heroic girl.

Soon after, hearing of a situation as companion (and to be generally useful) to a lady, not far from her mother's (which was a great inducement), Fannie applied for the situation, and had been an inmate of Mrs. Langsly's home since that time, with a salary sufficient, with great economy, to keep her mother and sister from want. Thus matters stood when this unlucky occurrence took place.

Fannie went up stairs with lingering footsteps, knowing the blow she was going to in-

fute it. It is too hard—too hard," and with a short gasp, the unhappy mother fell back insensible.

Fannie, who had often seen her mother in that state before, used remedies which quickly restored her for the time, but the blow had been too much for her in her feeble state of health, and in less than a month Fannie and Rosy were orphans.

Although so long expecting this event, it still came with the force of woe upon the sorrowing girls.

Fannie could not take a resident situation now, and leave her sister alone; so she had the daily battling with whatever work she could procure to sustain themselves.

Thus things continued for a month or two, matters becoming worse and worse, when Fannie thought of an uncle far distant, whom, although she had never seen nor scarcely heard of, she determined to seek in this emergency for her sister's sake. She had written him a letter, but getting no answer, was still bent on going.

The night before they were to start on their journey, Fannie was seated on a low stool—almost the only article of furniture in the room, she having sold everything that could raise money—when there was a knock at the door.

Fannie threw down the work she was finishing, and went to the door. It was a messenger with a note from Mrs. Langsly. It ran thus:

"DEAR FANNIE,—  
 "The spectacles are found. Will you come to me at once, and I will tell you all.  
 "Yours, in haste,  
 "S. LANGSLY."

Fannie sat down, quite undecided what to do for a minute or two, then she gave an affirmative answer.

The mystery about the spectacles had been cleared up. Fannie's prayers were answered, but, alas! too late to comfort her poor mother, who had died sorrowing. Then all the old grief came welling up into Fannie's heart, and she burst into tears and wept bitterly. However, calming herself, she rose.

"I suppose I had better go at once," she murmured to herself.

Then, throwing on her cloak and hat, without waking her sister, she slipped out, and fastened the door behind her.

Fannie found Mrs. Langsly in the parlor. As she entered, Mrs. Langsly came forward to meet her, offering her hand, which Fannie pretended not to see.

The recollection of that time when she had last been there was not likely to make her feel very friendly, nor could she forget that Mrs. Langsly had been the cause that hastened her mother's death.

"Fannie, can you forgive me?" said the old lady tenderly. "I wronged you cruelly. I will do all I can to make amends. Sit down and hear all."

Fannie silently took the chair to which she was motioned, for she remembered too vividly her feelings the last time she had been in that room, and her heart was too full to speak.

"Fannie," said the old lady, "I have found my spectacles, and who do you think had created all this trouble? My grandson, Robby, for mischief, hid them, to amuse himself at my discomfiture when I discovered the loss of them, for, from his babyhood, whenever I opened my work-box, he would endeavor to snatch them out. It appears, two days before he left, the mischievous idea entered his head from hearing me speak of how much I valued them. I did not miss them in that time, and the morning he was to return to school he forgot to replace them, as he had intended, nor did they ever recur to his mind again. It was only this week that Sarah, in cleaning and dusting the clothes-closet, came upon an old coat of Robert's. In shaking it, she discovered something had fallen through the torn pocket into the lining below. Seeking what it was, the missing spectacles were found. Imagine my consternation when Sarah brought them to me. I wrote to my grandson directly to tell him all that had occurred, asking him if he had placed the spectacles where they were found. His answer was what I have told you, accompanied by a great many regrets."

At last Fannie spoke:  
 "Mrs. Langsly, why did you accuse any one without some proof. Had I been placed in your position, I should not have acted as you did—I should have been more patient. I forgive you, Mrs. Langsly, but I can never forget that you hastened my mother's death, and that you have changed me from a hopeful girl to a sad woman."

"I am truly sorry, Fannie," replied Mrs. Langsly, "but if you will come back to me I will let you take with you your sister also, and you shall be as my daughters."

"Thank you for your kindness, Mrs. Langsly, but that can never be. I must now tell you what you told me once—my confidence is gone. I can never accept of anything from you further than civility."

Fannie rose and took leave of Mrs. Langsly, who seemed grieved at her decision.

"I am grieved, my dear," she said, "that you should still feel unkindly towards me."

Fannie assured her that she had no unkindness towards her, but it would be unpleasant to both parties for her to accept her offer. And so they parted.

Fannie, the next day, started, as she had intended, and fortunately herself and sister were warmly welcomed by their uncle, who was himself just about setting out to seek them instead of writing. And thus ended poor Fannie's difficulties.



THE FAMILY COACHMAN.

to do her duty," and Fannie turned round, and was about leaving the room, when she was stopped by Mrs. Langsly.

"A moment more, Miss Holmes. Here are your wages to the end of the month. Although it has only just commenced, I wish to deal fairly with you."

"I do not wish it, Mrs. Langsly. Give me what I have rightly earned, which is a week, and I shall take no more."

"What I have given you, Fannie, I consider right, and I shall have nothing more to do with it," replied Mrs. Langsly.

Fannie deliberately counted out the money, took what she thought proper, and laid down the rest on the table. She drew her fine form up proudly, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, and with a slight courtesy to her late employer, Fannie left the room.

Hastening to her own room, she gathered all her little effects, which were placed in her trunk and small valise, and, slipping down stairs without a word further, she soon procured a cab, and in a short while was deposited at her mother's door.

Fannie was indeed to be pitied. Four years before her father had been in business in rather prosperous circumstances; making a hazardous speculation, he became a bankrupt; taking it to heart, he died not long after, leaving a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

For a short time Mrs. Holmes exerted herself in needle-work and various ways to support herself, and give her eldest girl (which was Fannie) a decent education; but being of delicate constitution, the struggle was more than she could bear, and a couple of years before this, she had

died on her suffering mother. Could it have been concealed she would have done so, but she was obliged to live at home, and the reason must be told for her leaving her situation.

"Fannie has come, mamma," said little Rosy, running to meet her sister, and almost jumping into her arms with joy.

Mrs. Holmes looked feebly up as Fannie stooped to kiss her.

"You have come early to-day, my love. I thought this was your busiest time."

"So it is generally, dear mamma, but to-day is different. I will tell you why by-and-by, mamma."

She had left her trunk and valise in the passage below, or those would have told the tale of themselves, but Fannie wished to break the news gradually to her mother.

Drawing a low chair close to her mother's in the afternoon, and laying her head on her knee, she began the painful subject:

"Mamma, I have been very much annoyed to-day. Fancy Mrs. Langsly suspecting me of taking a pair of gold spectacles."

Ill as Mrs. Holmes was, she almost jumped up from her seat.

"My child, accuse you, how dare she, my true, darling girl. I am shocked. Tell me all, my child, everything."

Fannie then related all that had taken place at Mrs. Langsly's.

Mrs. Holmes grew very white, and pressed her hand to her heart to still its violent beating.

"Father of Heaven, that I should live to hear one of my children branded as a thief, so unjustly accused, and we have not a friend to con-